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WILLIAM MORRIS

Seventeen years have passed since the death of William Morris, and during this brief time the fame of that amazing Englishman has undergone varying fortunes. For several years after his death the flood of books, pamphlets, and articles on the man himself, his poetry, and his craftsmanship was almost, if not quite, abnormal. Then, slowly but surely came a revulsion. The interest lessened, until it seemed all but dead; and five or six years ago the surest of all marks of being numbered amongst the 'intellectuals' was to dismiss Morris with a sneer. His poetry—'puff!'—mere thistledown, to be sent spinning into the abyss by the lightest of critical breaths. His craftsmanship—another puff!—and now we have disposed of the man, and may turn our attention to the newest psychological word-spinner, or the latest painter attempting to woo the public's favor by "flinging a paintpot in its face."

But in 1908 there came the earliest sign of a renaissance—the small biography by Alfred Noyes, published in Macmillan's *English Men of Letters* series. It is difficult to say whether Mr. Noyes's book was, to some extent, the inspiration of the renaissance; or whether it was merely the precocious blossom, put forth while its fellows, still snugly curled up in the bud, are slowly maturing and awaiting the coming of better weather. The book had many faults. As a biography, it was hopelessly ill-balanced and ineffectual. The craftsmanship, which occupied the greater part of Morris's working life, was dismissed in a few paragraphs; and soon Morris himself slipped away out of sight;

while Mr. Noyes, going merrily on his way, filled his pages with criticism of the poetry and romances. Nor was Mr. Noyes's criticism flawless enough to atone for his other sins. Often it was illuminating and provocative of thought; but it was heady, hasty, immature, and as a whole, sadly inconclusive. Its author would seem to have forgotten that the condition of mind essential to a poet is the condition of mind fatal to the poet turned critic. But one merit the book had—there was enthusiasm in every page of it; and it may well be that the enthusiasm of Mr. Noyes served to rekindle or awaken enthusiasm in other people.

Now the renaissance is upon us. During 1912 two books on Morris were published in London—*William Morris*, by the Countess of Warwick (T. E. and C. E. Jack), and *William Morris*, by John Drinkwater (Martin Secker). And lastly—though perhaps this should stand first—1912 saw the appearance of the first moiety of the *Collected Works* of Morris, published by Longmans in twenty-four volumes, and edited by Miss May Morris. Naturally, these publications have called forth a great number of reviews and articles; and cheap reprints of Morris are beginning to appear freely—one of the most notable, an edition of Professor Mackail's *Life* at four shillings.

Of the new books, the Countess of Warwick's may be touched on briefly. It is a popular biography, illustrated with drawings of the homes and haunts of Morris, and with the inevitable portrait as frontispiece. There is nothing new in the book, its matter being taken from Mackail's biography, *The Memoirs of Burne-Jones*, and other sources similar to these; and it is the work of an amateur. But it should serve the purpose of sending new readers to Morris and Mackail; and this, doubtless, was the mission its gracious and charming authoress meant it to fulfil.

Mr. Drinkwater's volume is "a horse of another color." Except for a biographical introduction, and a slight thread of narrative sufficient to link one poetical period to another, Mr. Drinkwater confines himself to criticism of Morris's poetry and prose. His book was needed, and it is more than welcome. Mr. Noyes's criticism reminds one of the white-heat and effervescence of a firework display; but in Mr. Drinkwater's we have

something more nearly akin to fire and light in a fairy palace, adding a magic to the magic of the furniture and draperies and shining vessels. One may not always agree with its writer—but is there any critic one always agrees with? Personally, I feel that Mr. Drinkwater inclines to overrate the importance of a poem here and there; and certainly he is wanting in a due sense of proportion, when, in his summing-up, he elevates Morris, as a poet, to the plane of Homer and Dante and Shakespeare. But perhaps, in this case, a certain amount of exaggeration (quite honest on Mr. Drinkwater's part) is all to the good; as it was when Lamb took up the cudgels on behalf of the neglected Elizabethan dramatists. Take it all in all, this book is one to be reckoned with. Indeed, one is almost tempted to say that, to the two outstanding works on Morris—Mackail's *Life* for the man, and Aymer Vallance's volume for his craftsmanship—Mr. Drinkwater's must be added as a third, for criticism of the poetry.¹

Then, as to the *Collected Works*, the set is not quite complete at the time of writing; but the volumes which are to hand call for little save praise. Their get-up is tasteful—the covers of blue boards and canvas, and the print fair and comely. The two flaws noticeable are, one fears, of a nature to have moved Morris to unprintable language; the labels on the backs are badly pasted on, and over-inked letters are a deal too frequent in the type. For the rest, there is Morris—and Miss May Morris; and the publisher's choice of editress was an inspiration. Miss Morris, with an admirable sense of fitness, leaves criticism to other people; for the most part contenting herself, in her introductions, with biographical touches—chiefly personal memories—which show us the poet as he was, and tell us what he was saying and doing at the time when a particular poem or romance was written. This service done, Miss Morris steps aside; and we are left to enjoy our poet with an added zest; for the relationship of her delicate and graceful prose to the matter which comes after it is very much that of the prelude to a song.

¹ Since this article was written, two new books on Morris have been published: *William Morris: A Study in Personality*, by A. Compton-Rickett 1913; *William Morris: His Work and Influence*, by A. Clutton Brock, 1914

From these new books, together with the mass of facts and comment already grown up around Morris and his work; from the evidence of his work itself, and from the further evidence of its influence upon the crafts and manufactures of to-day; one fact emerges with the utmost clearness: William Morris is to be counted among the giants of his century. His ultimate greatness is a matter for the future to decide; but already, in these swiftly moving times, we of the younger generation are far enough removed from him to attempt a tentative estimate. Most of his critics, indeed, while expressly repudiating any such intention, have essayed the task; but, one and all, they have appraised him solely or chiefly as a poet. One might just as well sit in judgment on a city after looking round its townhall, or criticise America from an acquaintance with the State of Washington. In this article I shall therefore try to arrive at some conclusion as to the importance of Morris, not from the merits of one branch of his art, but from a consideration of his work as a whole.

It is questionable whether any period in the recorded history of the world was more prodigal of intellect than the nineteenth century. The throng of the talented and capable who were born and died in it is amazing; and although a group of men and women of genius tower high above their fellows, to give place of precedence to one or a few of this smaller company is a matter of the greatest difficulty. Their numbers were considerable, and the nature of their achievements is bewildering in its diversity. But if priority is to be given, I shall venture to assert that two men stand out above the rest as of highest importance for their contributions to the thought and art of the century: the first, Charles Darwin, and the second William Morris. Few will dispute the preëminence of Darwin, but probably many that of Morris. To put forward a claim of this nature and leave the contention unsupported by facts, is the easiest course, and perhaps, for its author, the most satisfactory; but I shall try to establish the truth of my thesis; and if I fail, the field will remain open to the more gifted and better equipped.

Generally, the life of a man of genius is devoted to one or two branches of science, art, or philosophy; and criticism of his

work is comparatively simple. Morris is abnormal. His activity was prodigious, and the fields in which he worked were various and divergent. To survey what he did, to take the measure of his success, and to estimate the importance of his influence upon his generation;—this is a task that, on a smaller scale, is almost as bewildering as Herbert Spencer's endeavor to systematize the universe. Roughly, his activities may be summed up under the three headings of poetry, social reform, and craftsmanship. I have purposely placed the three sections in the order in which they stand; since to the mass of his admirers in the present day such would seem to be the order of their importance. For a score of those who know Morris as a poet, it is doubtful if three are to be found with more than the haziest of notions that he was something more. To the growing multitude who are interested in the labor and socialist movements his name is one to conjure with; but chiefly—and in many cases solely—because of his socialism. His craftsmanship is, both literally and metaphorically, the possession of the few; and in artistic circles its importance is by no means undisputed. It once happened that a painter, of great accomplishment and no small leaven of genius, found occasion to call on Morris at Kelmscott House; and his comment on the decoration he found there is a fair expression of the attitude of a considerable school towards the art of Morris: "Very fine! Very fine! Only the carpet was on the ceiling, and he had the kitchen dresser in the drawing-room!" In the opinion of this school, the work of Morris is archaic, exaggerated, and entirely wanting in delicacy and refinement.

For the purposes of arriving at some conclusion as to their relative importance, I shall briefly examine the three aspects of Morris.

First, his poetry. There are few poets I read with equal pleasure; and I have read and re-read many of his poems until I can repeat them from memory. I have yet to discover a modern war-song to match *The Burghers' Battle*; and I am convinced that the *Defence of Guenevere* poems, marred as they are by most of the possible flaws and crudities, constitute a nobler and worthier piece of art than *The Idylls of the King*, with all their magnificent waste of eloquence and artistry. If

one's sole acquaintance with the poetry of Morris were the motto for the *Flowering Orchard* embroidery,—

Lo silken my garden, and silken my sky,
And silken my apple-boughs hanging on high;
All wrought by the Worm in the peasant-carle's cot
On the Mulberry leafage when summer was hot!—

those four lines alone would furnish conclusive evidence that their composer was a copious writer of very fine verse. None the less, I decline to allow my admiration for Morris's poetry to rob me of my sanity. An examination of his verses will yield abundant examples of the effects in which he was at his best; a fact which Mr. Noyes has realized, and stated, and reiterated. The poetry of William Morris is to be considered and criticized purely as *poetic tapestry*; for wherever he scores most forcibly, there invariably his verse is most suggestive of the aims and methods of tapestry. A few lines from the conclusion of *Love is Enough* will serve by way of illustration:—

The pathway green
And rose-hung walls of ancient grey
Yet warm with sunshine gone away.
Yea full fain would I rest thereby,
And watch the flickering martins fly
About the long eave-bottles red
And the clouds lessening overhead:
E'en now meseems the cows are come
Unto the grey gates of our home,
And low to hear the milking-pail:
The peacock spreads abroad his tail
Against the sun, as down the lane
The milkmaids pass the moveless wain,
And stable door, where the roan team
An hour ago began to dream
Over the dusty oats.

Sometimes, as in this passage, the imagery and details are homely; often, in *The Earthly Paradise*, they are of an exotic richness; but in these tapestry-passages alone is the essential poetry of Morris to be found. For present purposes, the *Defence of Guenevere* lyrics and ballads may be ignored. Mr. Drinkwater to the contrary, they are the experiments and exercises of a man not yet come into his kingdom; bearing much the same relationship to the poetry of *The Earthly Paradise*

as Rossetti's early but delightful picture, *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, to the *Lady Lilith* and *Dante's Dream* of his maturity.

A few excellent hortatory passages occur in the later poems. What could be more admirably suited to its theme than the grave, sweet simplicity of—

Ah, it may be! Oft meseemeth, in the days that yet shall be,
When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt the breadth of sea to sea,

Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the sunlight leaves the earth,
And they bless the day beloved, all too short for all their mirth,

Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,
Ere the toil of strife and battle overthrew the curse of gold;

Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts of us shall rise;
We who once were fools defeated, then shall be the brave and wise.

There amid the world new-builed shall our earthly deeds abide,
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale of how we died?

But only too often gems such as this are disfigured by a setting of crude or prosy passages; and sometimes they blossom out of turgid denunciations which have much in common with the rant of the street-corner tub-thumper.

Turning elsewhere, we find that *The Life and Death of Jason* and *The Earthly Paradise* are tapestry from beginning to end. The perfections of such lyrics as *A Garden by the Sea* are the perfections of "silken embroidery"; and although *The Burghers' Battle* teems with vigor and motion, it is the vigor and motion of a spirited tapestry battle-piece. And if it be objected that *Sigurd the Volsung* is architecture rather than tapestry, I shall reply that if it were so, exceptions prove rules; but that *Sigurd the Volsung* has a disconcerting knack of reaching its best in the passages which are most tapestry-like.

After their kind, these poems are as pleasing as the formal and labored masterpieces of Tennyson. Indeed, if—as in these days some maintain—the pleasure derivable from a piece of art is in direct ratio to the pleasure of the artist in creating it, then the poems of Morris are more praiseworthy than those of Tennyson. In them there is no evidence of perpetual self-questioning and self-preparation, or of morbid and incessant worry concerning what the public said or might say. Morris wrote primarily for his own pleasure; and, on the whole, was

remarkably indifferent to criticism. But to pretend that his poetry is as great as Tennyson's seems to me little less than foolishness. To assert, with Bernard Shaw, that "Morris wrote some of the greatest poetry of the nineteenth century," is no difficult matter; but neither the bare assertion of Mr. Shaw nor the quotations of Mr. Drinkwater will avail to prove it. Morris himself would, I think, have been the first to disparage so flamboyant a presumption. Moreover, many of his aims were also the aims of his contemporaries; and not infrequently his favorite effects were achieved by others with greater power and beauty. *The King's Daughter* of Swinburne might be from the pen of Morris, if it were not characterized by a strength, a richness of color, and a quality of uncanny loveliness beyond his reach. Rossetti's *Blessed Damosel* was a ballad he would have gloried in making; so also was Tennyson's *Ænone* or his *Lotus-Eaters*; but it was the fortune of Rossetti and Tennyson to conceive them.

His prose may be touched on more briefly; for it is inevitable that the prose of a man who has written effective verse should be regarded as a pendant to his poetry. Half a dozen of the volumes which stand to his credit may be left out of the consideration; since, being devoted to the theory and practice of the arts and crafts, they belong rather to his craftsmanship than to his contribution to literature. Of the books which remain—his romances, a dozen or so in all—two have attained a wide circulation. They are still very much alive, and there seems a strong probability that they will long continue so. It is scarcely necessary to state that the romances in question are *News from Nowhere* and *A Dream of John Ball*; or to add that, of its kind, each is a masterpiece.

It may be that "the manufacture of Utopias grows wearisome"; but, if so, the fault is in the authors, not in their theme. To mortals afflicted with life as it is, there is no other subject of such sheer fascination as an adequate picture of life as it might be. And of all modern conceptions of a perfected civilization which are to be compared with *News from Nowhere*, Bellamy's *Looking Backward* is little more than a dry-as-dust exhibition of perfected machinery and organization; and Blatchford's

Sorcery Shop a variation of *News from Nowhere* without the architecture. Mr. Wells's *Modern Utopia* smacks of the "human-interest" popular magazine; and Edward Carpenter's *Civilization: Its Cause and Cure*, is but a sketch. To match the attempt of Morris, one must go back to Tudor England or to Greece of two thousand years ago—to More's *Utopia* or Plato's *Republic*.

And as an idealized realization of mediæval England, what is to be set beside *A Dream of John Ball*? What could be more vivid or in its own way more perfect than the description of the church towards the close?—

In a flash I saw it all—the east crimson with sunrise through the white window on my right hand; the richly-carved stalls and gilded screen-work; the pictures on the walls, the loveliness of the faultless colour of the mosaic window lights, the altar and the red light over it looking strange in the daylight, and the biers with the hidden dead men upon them that lay before the high altar. A great pain filled my heart at the sight of all that beauty, and withal I heard quick steps coming up the paved church-path to the porch, and the loud whistle of a sweet old-time tune therewith; then the footsteps stopped at the door; I heard the latch rattle, and knew that Will Green's hand was on the ring of it.

Merely the interior of one of the village churches scattered throughout the length and breadth of England—with a difference. The mingling of veracity and imaginative insight in the description is admirable, and the effect is heightened by a sense of romance and a touch of the weird. The result exquisite. Perhaps even finer are the chapters which deal with the preaching of John Ball at the village cross, precisely similar in style and treatment; but they are much too long for quotation. Unfortunately, like *News from Nowhere*, the book was written while Morris was dabbling with journalism; and here and there a scrap of nineteenth-century 'journalese' intrudes itself in the thick of his rich, mellow word-painting, with the effect of a patch of linoleum showing through a hole in a fine Persian carpet. But there is only one thing to be said of the tiny volume—that in English literature it is unique.

The rest of the romances may be tersely, if partially, criticised by the three words,—Who reads them? They abound in passages of great picturesqueness, beauty, and charm; and as a demonstration of the capabilities of pure Anglo-Saxon are only rivalled by the novels and essays of Robert Blatchford. But, however delightful they may be to the Morris-lover, to the ordinary reader they are only too apt to appear dehumanized, rather pointless, and without beginning or end. They are, and will always be, books of very limited appeal; and one of the few mistakes of Morris was the form in which they are cast. Finding that the thirteenth century was six hundred years ahead of the nineteenth in architecture and decorative art, he appears to have jumped to the conclusion that its literature was equally superior; whereas the nineteenth century was incomparably richer in poetry than the thirteenth, and in the art of telling stories was nearly six hundred years ahead of it. In addition to this, there is evidence in his letters that he scarcely took these romances seriously: they were written for his own pleasure, and so long as they enthralled him he cared little whether the world was pleased or bored.

The conclusion of this brief inquiry is, that the achievement of Morris, in poetry and prose, would have counted as remarkable for any other man, and alone would have served to win him a lasting reputation; but that his poetry and prose alone would never have established his right to the "place in the sun" he appears to me to have won for himself.

Next, Morris as a social reformer. Here again, as in most of his activities, his influence upon contemporary life and thought was considerable. Whether socialism is a good or a bad thing is no concern of this article; it is a matter of opinion. In the judgment of a section of society by no means inconsiderable, literature and art are mere futilities which hinder the progress of serious work, or puerilities that serve no better purpose than the amusement of the idle and childish. I shall merely consider the influence of Morris upon the socialist movement, and leave open the question whether it was an influence which made for good or for evil.

It goes without saying that at a time when socialism was al-

most entirely an affair of the working classes, and had scarcely begun to invade the more imposing circles of literature and art, one of the finest conceivable advertisements for the cause was the championship of so picturesque a figure as Morris. This cultured and moneyed genius, himself a man of business and an employer of labor, was to be seen preaching the new gospel at street-corners, engaging in the rough-and-tumble of fights for free speech in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, and tramping through the mud of the November streets at the head of a handful of unemployed to demand work of the local Board of Guardians. The spectacle was an incitement to thought in others of his class. His writings, too, invaded a stratum of society then practically untouched. *News from Nowhere* and *A Dream of John Ball* were read and discussed by many who would have remained oblivious to the appeals of *Justice* and *The Clarion*. Moreover, one of the most frequent reproaches levelled against socialism was its utilitarianism. Its sole aim—in the opinion of its detractors—was to fill stomachs and clothe backs; ignoring or discouraging the claims of souls and brains. But here was a man, comparatively indifferent to hunger and rags and the thousand-and-one physical miseries incident to poverty, converted to socialism because he saw that the vast mass of humanity were born to ugly surroundings and a hopeless incapacity to appreciate such of the beauties of nature and art as came within their reach. The working folk of the Middle Ages made ballads and fairy-tales and built the churches and cathedrals; but the nineteenth-century proletariat had lost its sense of beauty, and instinctively preferred the ugly and tawdry, the sickly-sentimental and the base. The burden of his writings, prose and poetry, which touch upon the social question, is invariably,—

This land we have loved in our love and our leisure
 For them hangs in heaven, high out of their reach;
 The wide hills o'er the sea-plain for them have no pleasure,
 The grey homes of their fathers no story to teach.

The singers have sung and the builders have builded,
 The painters have fashioned their tales of delight;
 For what and for whom hath the world's book been gilded,
 When all is for these but the blackness of night?

These facts noted, it must not be forgotten that the period of his active work as a socialist was brief—no longer than seven years in total. During those years he was obsessed by a belief in the imminence of an uprising, which would at once result in the establishment of a system of communism, after the fashion of the revolution in *News from Nowhere*. In the phrase of the scornful, he “lived in a fool’s paradise of his own.” Presently came disillusionment, and the realization that socialism, if it ever came, could only come after a lengthy period of agitation and education, as the result of a long and painfully gradual social evolution. Then it ceased to be his consuming passion; and, although he lost neither faith nor belief, he lost heart. To the close of his life he remained a socialist; but after those seven years, his contributions to the movement were confined to monetary assistance and a milder and more chastened preaching of the gospel through the medium of his books and art. The Kelmscott Press and the affairs of Morris & Co. took the place of the business of the Socialist League.

For these—and other—reasons, I think it may be claimed that, while his services to socialism were great and memorable, their contribution to the aggregate of his influence upon his generation was much smaller than that of his poetry and prose, considered purely as poetry and prose.

Lastly, Morris as a craftsman. The other day, in glancing round a druggist’s shop, I noticed a number of articles with decoration that was either petty or displeasing; but scattered here and there amongst these, I came upon goods decked out in labels and wrappers which pleased me mightily. There were a series of perfume-bottles, with labels in strong curves and interweaving lines, their tiny panels and bold angles filled in with flowers. The color-scheme was rich violet, turquoise, gold, emerald, and orange merging into scarlet—a combination suggestive of old stained glass. Next, I was attracted by a soap-carton patterned in bold chainwork—red, blue, green, and gold; the top crossed by a scroll of Gothic lettering, presided over by a griffin with gaping jaws. Then I picked up a photograph-album, with a cover of blue-grey hand-made paper and blocked-in design. Neither love nor money could have

purchased such a book a few years ago, and this was priced at eighteen-pence.

I saw other labels and packages that were both tasteful and effective; but a description of them would scarcely please the reader so greatly as their designs pleased me. When I leave the house here I come face to face with a red-brick convent, modified fourteenth-century in style, with graceful windows, traceries, and battlements, and a line of fantastic gargoyles grinning on its courtyard. In the shop-windows, I see furniture and fabrics which are right and pleasing, at prices no higher than those charged for the banalities which disfigure the rooms of the average small house. When I open a magazine or newspaper, it does not surprise me to find advertisements with Gothic borders and lettering, and a profuse recognition of the value of flowers and foliation in decorative work. Two volumes of Browning lie before me as I write, each running into more than six hundred pages of good print. Their front-pages of interweaving stems and flowers would almost have satisfied the fastidious taste of Morris himself; and they are published at a shilling each. What do these things signify? Revolution—no less.

Consider the condition of decorative art fifty years ago. Probably it was then at a lower level than at any other period in the history of any civilization. Four hundred years of degeneration had culminated in the work of the Georgian period, "praiseworthy solely for its negative virtues." The nineteenth century, realizing that matters could be no worse, gave up the whole business and resigned itself to a period of science and applied ugliness, relieved by the two arts of literature and painting easel pictures. A few leaves were still scraped round the capitals of a porch, and a bulge or two moulded on fire-irons and chipped on table-legs; but these embellishments were added with no idea of beautifying the home and its furniture. They were purely a survival from preceding centuries, almost as instinctive as the custom of the dog, who, after ages of domestication, still takes several turns round his kennel before settling down to sleep, in imitation of his ancestor the fox or wolf, exploring his lair each night to assure himself that it was clear of snakes and vermin.

That a revolution has come about few will deny: the evi-

dences are too unmistakable. But concerning the prime cause of this revolution, opinion will scarcely be so unanimous. "The time-spirit," some will say; others, "John Ruskin." I shall reply, "Neither—*William Morris*." Let me give reasons for this assertion, and slightly modify it. Far be it from me to deny the share in the renaissance of a score of craftsmen famous and unknown; though of these Morris was the first in the field and afterwards the chief inspiration. Even less would I ignore the claims of Ruskin, Pugin, and their allies and camp-followers. John Ruskin stands as the protagonist of modern art philosophy; just as Morris sums up in himself the achievements of practical craftsmanship. And Morris was, by his own confession, merely a disciple of Ruskin, reducing the theories of his master to practice.

Ruskin, in spite of his wordiness, has left prose which will live if anything at all lives from the nineteenth century; and in spite of his childish mistakes and foibles his theories have affected art more profoundly than anything written or said for three centuries before them. On the surface, then, it would appear that the lion's share in the revolution must be given, not to Morris, but to Ruskin. Yet a deeper survey of the question reverses the positions.

The history of most important revolutions is very similar. After a period of blind groping and questioning of spirit among the poetically-minded, various feeble and tentative evidences of the new thought become visible in the arts. Then, when the time-spirit has made his advent possible, a genius arises combining within himself the special gifts of poet and philosopher. The theories of the new philosophy are formulated, incompletely and rather chaotically as a rule, for kinetic genius is seldom to be weighed in a balance or measured with a foot-rule. Plato, Newton, Darwin, and Ruskin may be instanced as geniuses of this type. When the time is ripe for him, the philosopher is seldom wanting; and in the case of Ruskin many voices were crying in the wilderness, and circumstances had combined to make smooth the way for a philosopher of natural art. The return to nature-poetry of Collins, Gray, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Tennyson was a matter of history; and in art circles there was a considerable fermentative unrest and discontent with

existing ideals. But when the philosopher has come and has forced his message upon an unwilling world, what is the usual outcome of his preaching? Recognition of its truth and utility by a few, to whom it becomes a life-inspiration; but to the many his doctrines are pilloried absurdities—fair game and safe game for the musty eggs and mud of their bitterest irony and scorn. So that, to a fiery spirit, progress degenerates into a subject for despair; and to the philosophical at times is driven home that cynical thrust of Goethe's:—

'Tis little matter what is taught, men will,
Taught or untaught, go on the same way still.

Two thousand years ago a scheme of Utopia was outlined by Plato which, in many of its aspects, seems eminently sane and practical even now. Social revolutions are naturally slower in development than revolutions in art; but to-day, after two thousand years, with an infinity of caution and questioning of soul, the world is beginning to take the first steps along the road which leads to Utopia. I know of only one parallel to this immediate reduction to practice of Ruskin's theories—the preaching of Rousseau and the French Revolution. The French Revolution failed to regenerate society and establish the millennium; but it curbed the tyranny of kingly and official Europe and opened the way to those social and political changes which characterize the nineteenth century; and its leaven is still actively and healthily at work. The revolution instigated by Ruskin is equally tentative and incomplete; but the sum total of its accomplished results is amazing. Nor has its impulse in any way abated; on the contrary, it is continually gaining in force and becoming more and more widely diffused. Fifty years ago a man of taste went perforce to the dealer in antiques for his furniture and upholstery; now he gets them made by a craftsman. And, most notable of all testimonies to its well-being, men of business who are acute and far-sighted have discovered that the business methods of the fifties no longer pay. There is now more money in originality and beauty than in the commonplace and conventional.

I have already suggested the prodigious difficulties which had to be overcome; and they are sufficiently obvious. Not only

was a new applied art to be created when applied art was dead; but the form of this art necessitated the challenging and annihilation of the traditions of four centuries. The caricaturing of Greece and Rome, which had inspired the last flickers of craftsmanship in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, was to be swept aside and give place to a deification of the despised Gothic. Mechanical and commercial mid-Victorianism was to be convulsed with a cataclysm which would seem to have called for the interposition of a miracle. It did; and the miracle occurred, and the name of the miracle was William Morris.

An impossible man; but less a man than the embodiment of one of those world-forces which from time to time throughout history thrust back destiny and reshape society; a man who lays down the pen of the poet to stiffen his fingers in the dye-vats and curl himself up for ten hours a day over the warp of the tapestry loom; a man who composes and writes *The Earthly Paradise* in a compartment of the old Underground Railway; a man who paints tiles and ceilings, embroiders, 'points,' cuts wood-blocks, plans gardens, and turns out a thousand designs for wallpapers, chintzes, tapestries, title-pages and book-margins. He philosophizes, fishes, writes and stage-manages a play and acts in it; he shares the work of half a dozen societies, and takes part in the mêlée of "Bloody Sunday" in Trafalgar Square. He is equally at home in lecturing a learned society, the Oxford undergraduates, or "a colleague, a small boy, and a policeman" at a street-corner. A man who contrives to be everywhere, to see everything, and to find time for everything; endowed with the working capacity of a dozen men, and the generalship of a thousand. One by one he resuscitates the lost arts; and no sooner has he mastered one and trained workmen into carrying it out than he is experimenting with another. But the mastered craft is never neglected. The smallest detail of a painted window, of the upholstery of a room, or of the materials, color, and workmanship of a fabric, is his personal care. A flaw, or a hint of faulty color, and the work must be destroyed and redone, lest it should discredit "the firm."

All who come his way are fired by his enthusiasm. Personalities so self-willed and self-centred as Rossetti and Ford Madox

Brown are enrolled under his banner; Burne-Jones being sympathetic and easily led. Most of the craftsmen of his later period acknowledge his leadership, share his work, and go to him for guidance in their own—Walter Crane, William de Morgan, Emery Walker, T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, and many another. His pupils must go to the loom and dye-vats before they are promoted to the more 'gentlemanly' pencils and brushes of the designer; and they do it. Lastly—and the factor is by no means of least importance—he is the possessor of £60,000; and by this fortunate accident, power is added to his personality.

And how much his designs must have contributed to the result. Looking through them, one is continually asking, Was this man never tired, or jaded, or at odds with the world and himself? Was he a volcano, to communicate such fire and spirit to every drawing he made? Were there any bounds to his invention, fancy, and ingenuity; or was he, like Nature, recklessly prodigal because his resources were inexhaustible?

His sense of fitness was almost miraculous. He could take a dozen flowers of the most varying types and habits and scatter them over a design until it rivalled the luxuriance of a June meadow, without the slightest jarring or incongruity of one flower with another. He could cover a surface with tiny patches of bold color in apparently careless profusion; yet the whole would blend into a soft mist or fire of quiet magnificence. Compare the "Honeysuckle" chintz, the "Lily-and-Pomegranate" wallpaper, or the "Lily" carpet, with the cleverest designs of his competitors and disciples; and what a world of difference! Or even the scraps of ornament for the Kelmscott Press books, which he would fling into the wastepaper-basket when blocks had been cut from them. One would give all the 'delicacy' and 'refinement' that has ever afflicted art for a tenth of the qualities which teem in his work.

Like most revolutionaries, he opened his campaign with no definite idea of what he was to accomplish. Ruskin's theoretical revolution was the outcome of a letter to the *Times* in defence of Turner; Morris's practical revolution grew out of the necessity of furnishing a house. Throughout his career is everywhere visible that reaction between individual and environment

which to earlier times was predestination, and to the present day is determinism. He went to Oxford purposing to take Holy Orders, but soon his theological development made this impossible; then he apprenticed himself to an architect, and the character of the work disgusted him. Turning artist, in a few years he had convinced himself that he would never paint pictures to his own satisfaction; and just when he was nearing the conclusion that on the whole he was rather useless and helpless, by this accident of building himself a house and the impossibility of furnishing it with contemporary products, he was brought face to face with the work which no man then living could have carried out with equal mastery.

But, although no reformer with a foreseen and logical aim at the regeneration of art, he was—and perhaps this was better—a born rebel. It is said that, as a boy, he was taken to the Great Exhibition, which was accounted by most of his contemporaries the crowning glory of the nineteenth century, and a few minutes after entering the building he flung himself down on a bench and covered his face with his hands. He could go no farther—it was “all so ugly.” The incident is typical of his whole life.

It is probable that his very narrowness was the chief impetus to his extraordinary achievement. One of the most characteristic of his recorded sayings is, “If we don’t like a thing it is bad.” The masters of the Renaissance and after were his favorite butts; and his idolized Chaucer was “the corrupter of the English language” for his pains in enriching the vocabulary from the French and Latin. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were an obsession with Morris; so much so that, as he walked or drove through the country, he was always trying to picture it bridgeless, dark with interminable forests, and grazed by unimproved sheep and cattle. Of course he was wrong, but he was also gloriously right; for if applied art is ever again to become the chief pleasure and preoccupation of the northern races, the form of that art must be, and can only be, a development from the Gothic.

On the whole—with one important exception—the new art is taking the direction he saw to be inevitable. In textiles and printing, Gothic easily leads; also in metal-work and dwelling-

house construction. The one exception of note—the present treatment of large business premises and public buildings—occurs solely through economic considerations. The Renaissance style lends itself admirably to economy of space, large, airy rooms, and the methods of steel construction; but each of these ends is equally possible with the Gothic forms. It should be worth the consideration of those concerned in the ordering and constructing of large buildings, whether a little extra trouble and outlay would not be compensated for by the satisfaction of handing down to the next generation structures that would be far handsomer than the best work to be hoped for from any stirring of the dry bones of Greece and Rome.

"He was more of a paperhanger than a poet," said a writer in the *Academy* of Morris, a few years ago; the article unsigned, but the style Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's; and the epigram was a valiant and successful attempt at going one better than the old "poetic-upholsterer" jibe. Recently I saw a paper which was placed on the walls of a room by Morris just thirty-one years ago. Graceful stems curve about it and mark off the whole into small panels, each filled with a single leaf; and the design is starred over with tiny flowers. Thirty-one years of smoke, dust, gas-fumes, the moisture of the English atmosphere, and all the ills a wallpaper is heir to; and to-day, with its color softened to a warm yet subdued glow of olive green, it is lovelier than when its surface was damp from the printing-blocks. "More of a paperhanger than a poet"!—surely no finer praise of Morris was ever penned. I would rather have designed the "Wandle" chintz and the "Marigold" wallpaper, and turned out the "Star of Bethlehem" tapestry and the Kelmscott "Chaucer," than have written the poetry of Tennyson and Browning, or painted the pictures of Millais, Rossetti, and Watts. *Because* "he was more of a paperhanger than a poet," I have ventured, in no mood of catchpenny sensationalism, but as the result of reasoned conviction, to couple with the name of Charles Darwin, "the man who gave us a new world," the name of William Morris, the man who gave us a new art.

ALAN DYCE

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DOCTOR JOHNSON IN THE FLESH

Men of genius have usually possessed fine physical powers, and the great lexicographer was not only not an exception to this rule, but, in the realm of letters, he towers as one of the most impressive examples of its verity. Nor was he merely of gigantic proportions, for he was brave as he was big—fearless in the presence of outward danger, and persistent in his strife against the insidious foes of inheritance and habit which sought his destruction from within.

Johnson made a most pitiable start in the race of life. He was "born almost dead," and, as if to completely suppress him, he was allowed by indifferent Nature to imbibe a scrofulous distemper from the "bad humors of his wet nurse." "In ten weeks I was taken home, a poor, diseased infant, almost blind." "Dr. Swinson used to say that he never knew any child reared with so much difficulty." He must have been desperately unpromising, for even through the rose-colored spectacles of doting Aunt Nath. Ford he seemed such a wretched object that she declared she "would not have picked such a poor creature up in the street."

Our more radical eugenists would have shaken their heads sadly over the prospect and have waxed warm over the retrospect, for though Michael Johnson "was a man of large and robust body, . . . yet, as in most soil-rock veins of unsound substance are often discovered, there was in him a mixture of that disease, the nature of which eludes the most minute inquiry, though the effects are well known to be a weariness of life. . . . From him then his own son inherited . . . a vile melancholy."

What business had Michael to transmit to posterity late in life this "unsound vein"? Our eugenists would have found further cause for irritation, for on the mother's side there was an unmistakable taint of scrofula, quite sufficient to remove at least half the blame from the nurse for its appearance in her offspring. Even allowing for possible recession of bad faults, and atavistic dominance of better traits, the product of this union must have been risky, and proved positively disheartening.

This wretched result of unscientific breeding, afflicted with king's evil, nearly blind, and racked with a violent cough, was carried up to London in his thirtieth month to receive the healing touch from Queen Anne. He had, besides the laying on of hands, a golden amulet from the sympathetic queen, perfunctory prayers from the court chaplain, and a cursory inspection by the court surgeon. Whatever this powerful combination of official medical opinion, ecclesiastical formulæ, royal gold, and royal touch availed against infringement of the laws of heredity and hygiene, something, perhaps (in Mr. Secombe's words), "the force of his mind, overcame every impediment," and helped to unfold those striking faculties of body and mind which made him Doctor Johnson. His vision did not recover the unfortunate effects of infantile disease. He was nearly blind in one eye and when he wrote, his face was in close proximity to the page. Possibly his bad vision led him to fancy his Tetty the most beautiful and graceful of women, and it was as well that the illusion was not dispelled by any optical invention. Worst of all, the black vein of parental melancholy did not fail to crop out in the son, often paralyzing for the time his growing powers, and keeping him in constant dread of the mad-house.

Out of this unpromising slough of infantile malady and the long mill of mental misery and bodily privation of early manhood, there evolved by pure inherent *vivida vis* a being scarred in body and roughened in manner but not spoiled in soul; a very Polyphemus for stature and strength and an Olympian Jove for judgment and authority.

Only a moving-picture man could have secured an adequate portrait of the great autocrat of every table, with his coördinated rollings of body, shakings of head, and contortions of countenance. Boswell did his best to paint this impossible portrait: "He commonly held his head on one side towards his right shoulder and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backwards and forwards, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction with the palm of his hand." Even the cinematograph would have proven insufficient, for—"in the intervals of articulating" [what would we not give for a "record" of Johnson's

talk], "he made various sounds with his mouth, sometimes as if chewing the cud, sometimes giving half a whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backward against the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front." . . . and (climax of climaxes, for both recording instruments), "generally when he had concluded a period, . . . he used to blow out his breath like a whale." As to the origin of Johnson's extraordinary movements we can take our choice of Boswell's belief that it was of "the nature of that distemper called St. Vitus's Dance" or of Sir Joshua's surmise that it proceeded from a controllable habit, "in which he had indulged himself, of accompanying his thoughts with certain untoward actions."

Johnson's bodily bulk, if not his power of brain, was appreciated by that luckless publisher who advised him to "get a porter's knot and carry trunks." And Johnson was no mere mountain of flesh, for Boswell believed that "no man was ever more remarkable for personal courage," and "few men had his intrepidity and Herculean strength or presence of mind." The four foot-pads whom he "kept at bay one night until the watch came up" would, without prejudice, have testified as much.

In his earlier years he tried to throw off his fits of melancholy by forcible exercise and he frequently walked from Lichfield to Birmingham and back again, a distance of thirty miles, though with no good effect upon his spirits. In his later years "his indolence, or rather the delight he took in reading and reflection, rendered him averse to bodily exertion." And yet something—was it his activity of mind?—kept him in excellent training, for "after having disused swimming for many years, he went into the river at Oxford, and swam away to a part of it that he had been told of as a dangerous place, and where someone had been drowned."

When sixty-six he writes delightedly, "I ran a race this day and beat Barette." Neither does he succumb from heart failure as would be expected nowadays of a plethoric gentleman who would be so imprudent as to sprint so near the three-score-and-ten goal. This great bulk which moved as if manacled, must, like the elephant, have been capable of developing sur-

prising swiftness to have outrun the lively Italian. Johnson was fit also for sustained effort, for Boswell declares that during his visit to the Hebrides, "ninety-five days were never passed by any man in more vigorous exertion."

Great men have usually been large feeders, and the lexicographer bore the unmistakable stamp of superiority in this respect. "I never knew any man," says his biographer, "who relished good eating more than he did." He ate with the concentration of genius until his appetite was satisfied, and, being invited to dine, he expected a dinner fit for Dr. Johnson. When disappointed in this respect he would remark to Boswell, "this was a good dinner enough, to be sure, but was not a dinner to ask a man to."

Boswell pondered Johnson's saying that he "had never been hungry but once," for he often ate with the fierceness of the famished. Tom Tyers understood physiology better, and explained tersely that "his bulk seemed to require now and then to be repaired by kitchen physic."

Dr. Johnson's "talk" on matters of health was, of course, full of wisdom. "Some people," he said, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else." Boswell remarks that in saying this he was "not only serious but vehement."

He easily saw through the witchery of wine (he had taken as much as thirteen bottles at a sitting). "Wine gives a man nothing," he said. "It neither gives him knowledge nor wit; it only animates a man, and enables him to bring out what a dread of company has repressed. . . . But this may be good, or it may be bad." It is "one of the disadvantages of wine that it makes a man mistake words for thought."

He confessed to being a "hardened and shameless tea drinker, who has for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight and with tea welcomes the morning." Boswell has to say: "The quantities which he drank of it at all hours were so great,

that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong, not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it, though he assured me he never felt the least inconvenience from it." Doubtless the cloud of mental depression seemed lifted a bit by this mild intemperance: let us hope it was.

Johnson was immensely interested in Dr. Cheyne's two remarkable books, *An Essay of Health and Long Life* and his *English Malady*, but in health matters, as in others, he was a clever critic by pure excellence of judgment. His remark, "he who can fast long must have lived plentifully," hits the present-day preachers of fast-cure in a tender spot. Johnson in this was consistent, and, because he had lived too plentifully, often went without eating for two or three days.

The matter of obesity was never hit off better in small compass than in the following colloquy:—

"Talking of a man who has grown very fat so as to be incommoded with corpulency, he said: 'He eats too much, Sir.' Boswell: 'I don't know, Sir; you will see one man fat who eats moderately, and another lean who eats a great deal.' Johnson: 'Nay, Sir, whatever may be the quantity that a man eats, it is plain that if he is too fat, he has eaten more than he should have done; . . . it is certain that solidity is increased by putting something to it.'"

Though constitutionally prone to indolence, he strove against the weakness, for he appreciated the value of work. The hour of idleness was for him "the time of danger; it was then that his spirits, not employed abroad, turned with inward hostility against himself."

Johnson's "prayers and meditations" show pathetically his ambition to live the sanitary life. His resolves "to rise early," "to rise at eight," occur time after time, but it was not so easy for one who had said that "whoever thinks of going to bed before twelve is a scoundrel," and who had for years turned in at two or later. Nor was he helped in his endeavors by indulging in an afternoon nap. "I never take a nap after dinner, but when I have had a bad night, and then the nap takes me." His resolves were often realized and in a letter of March 9, 1766, to Mr. Langton he triumphantly exclaims, "I have risen every

morning since New Year's day at about eight," and "it is no slight advancement to obtain for so many hours more the consciousness of being."

Johnson believed there was good in making resolutions which were not carried out and that there "is something noble in publishing truth though it condemns itself." There is revelation of great loftiness of soul in his humble Good Friday confession: "I have made no reformation. I have lived totally useless, more sensual in thought, and more addicted to wine and meat. . . . My appetites have predominated my reason"; and this admission of weakness is offset by that confident prayer: "O God, grant that I may practice such temperance in Meat, Drink and Sleep, and all bodily enjoyments as may fit me for the duties to which Thou shalt call me."

That he was patient and sympathetic with suffering we know, as witness "that curious menagerie" of unfortunates which he housed and fed at his own expense. He was, however, often impatient with those who made much of their ailments. "Do not be like a spider, man," he exclaimed on one occasion, "and spin conversation out of thy own bowels"; and to Boswell's complaint he cried, "Why, I never had a headache at your age!"

Of illness in general he remarked, "What can a sick man say, but that he is sick? His thoughts are necessarily concentrated on himself."

Up to his sixty-third year he was remarkably vigorous; so robust that he never felt the cold. He had, however, an aversion for cold water or for "immersion" at any temperature. His nervous system was so sound that "the strongest liquors, and in very large quantity, produced no other effect on him than moderate exhilaration."

Screws and bolts began to loosen, however, and his favorite prescriptions, including his powdered orange peel taken in a glass of hot port for indigestion (his collecting of orange peel had puzzled his friends), failed to work their accustomed effect. Yet, he could say, "I am now beginning the seventy-second year of my life with more strength of body and greater vigor of mind than I think is common at that age."

The harpies of disease gathered fast after hearing that boast, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the famous Heberden and other skilful physicians, gout, asthma, dropsy, "a dreadful stroke of apoplexy," and other hideous ailments finally silenced that wondrous tongue. Happily, his horror of the end passed from him, and with Johnsonian bravery he exclaimed in the midst of his suffering, "I will take no more physic, not even my opiates, for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded."

If the prelude of his life was ridiculous, its finale was sublime.

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VARIATION OF SPECIES IN LITERATURE

If we were to find appended to the familiar poem *Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye May* the signature of Jonathan Edwards or Cotton Mather, we should be surprised; and justly, for we should feel that such a production did not represent the characteristics of either of these Puritan divines. And yet this supposititious example is not much more surprising than some of the genuine examples in literature. The chances are that *Ulysses*, if read to a person who was familiar with the typical qualities of Tennyson and Browning but who had not perused this particular poem, would be confidently assigned, not to Tennyson, its real author, but to Browning. Its strong heroic tone, its praise of the strenuous life, in depicting the purpose of Ulysses, already old and crowned with success of adventure, to continue his active life to the end—this is not the Tennyson whom we know. The fact that the poem is so well conceived and executed and that it appeared in the volume of 1842, which made Tennyson famous, suggests that he might have developed in this direction. Carlyle, among others, hoped that he would; but he never did, and the author of *Sartor Resartus* viewed the somewhat effeminate *Idylls of the King* (1859) with leonine scorn. *Ulysses*, then, is almost what would in evolutionary phraseology be termed a "sport," a sporadic product quite different from its companion poems. To speak of it as characteristic of Tennyson would be to betray inability to appreciate his leading qualities.

So many are these "sports" of literature that some sober account may well be taken of them. This discussion aims to treat a few of the more notable in British and American letters, with a view to suggesting the radical differences between such eccentric products and the typical or normal products of each author. Several classifications of exceptional works might be made: for example, virile works by pretty writers. Under this caption, at the hazard of offending lovers of Tennyson, I venture to place *Ulysses*. If one were to seek something thoroughly characteristic of Tennyson, it would be something like *The Lotus*

Eaters, and *Tears*, *Idle Tears*, something rather ornate, gently reflective, and not always innocent of suspicion of the sentimental; or, at his best, something like *Sweet and Low* and *Crossing the Bar*, something admirably, almost faultlessly lyric. Indeed, it is upon his really remarkable lyrical gift that critics now seem to agree that his reputation must rest. But sentimentality, sentiment for which there is no adequate basis in reason, if it appears too often in Tennyson's longer poems, has, when skillfully handled, always been popular. Its changes have been rung *ad libitum* in such productions as *Excelsior*, *Maud Muller*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*: and the reservoir of human tears apparently remains unappreciably lowered. *Ulysses*, it is true, is by no means a solitary example of Tennyson's escape from his less desirable characteristics: *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, though too rhetorical, reveals much activity and fire; and the splendid strains of *Merlin and the Gleam* (1889) are a recurrence to the *motif* of *Ulysses*. But such poems are rare in Tennyson's volume.

Even more clearly lacking in masculine power, although less handicapped by prettiness and subtle fancifulness of style, is Longfellow. And yet he wrote that puissant and stirring poem *The Skeleton in Armor*, and the rugged if somewhat sentimentalized and didactic *Village Blacksmith*. Probably no one, however, will venture the assertion that these are typical of an author whose favorite adjectives are "gentle," "tender," "meek," "pleasant," "beautiful," "lovely." Compare these with Poe's, "fantastic," "hideous," "ghastly"—all of which occur in the final stanza of *The Haunted Palace*—and a vast difference is discernible. That Longfellow somehow happened to write *The Skeleton in Armor* is therefore no true indication of strength. Both Longfellow and Tennyson had altogether too smooth an existence; what both needed was more contact with active life, with life in its aspect of struggle; they needed to be shaken up. The development of each, as a poet, was in an unfortunate direction. This development might conceivably have been arrested and diverted by different environment. Mr. G. R. Carpenter¹ is

¹ *Life of Longfellow*.

decidedly of this opinion with respect to Longfellow. But no god intervened, and there remain to us only sporadic indications of their splendid possibilities.

Longfellow's incapacity for intense emotion is perhaps best illustrated by the familiar, indeed inevitable, comparison of his picturesque but feeble anti-slavery poems with Whittier's. But it also finds convenient illustration in the death of Gabriel, at the close of *Evangeline*: the utmost that Longfellow can summon to do duty, in this emotional crisis which would have been so congenial to a truly dramatic poet like Browning, is a "cry of terrible anguish." And this same cry of anguish does yeoman service in three passages of *Hiawatha*;² so that finally (to borrow Arnold's phraseology in his opinion of Macaulay's *Lays*) it is hard to read such examples of Longfellow's inadequacy without a cry of pain. Longfellow had a singularly docile temperament—evinced, as an English critic, Mr. Francis Gribble, observes, by his surprising ability to endure and even gain edification from the sermons of commonplace clergymen. *Evangeline* is a typical Longfellow poem—which is not to say that it is a bad poem. But it undeniably falters instead of firmly treading, and there is nowhere in it any hint of the clarion tone. *Weariness* is one of the most exquisite—and there are several which may justly be called exquisite—of Longfellow's poems. And is it too fanciful to discover something characteristic in the theme and treatment? Evidently this is not the Longfellow who wrote *The Skeleton in Armor*; yet the same signature is set to each.

Equally disconcerting is the presence, in the collected works of some author who has made a reputation for power, of pretty trifles or elaborately romantic productions. The authorship of the following song, so brief that it may be quoted entire, would stagger many a reader:—

Heap cassia, sandal-buds, and stripes
Of labdanum and aloe-balls,
Smeared with dull nard an Indian wipes
From out her hair: such balsam falls
Down seaside mountain pedestals,

²XII, l. 98; XX, ll. 114, 133.

From tree-tops where tired winds are fain,
Spent with the vast and howling main,
To treasure half their island-gain.

And strew faint sweetness from some old
Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud
Which breaks to dust when once unrolled;
Or shredded perfume, like a cloud
From closet long to quiet vowed,
With moth and dropping arras hung,
Mouldering her lute and books among,
As when a queen, long dead, was young.

This has the savor of Shelley or Keats, especially the latter, on account of its vivid appeal to the senses and its delicate beauty of phrase. It might be Tennyson's, for Tennyson was a disciple of Keats. But it turns out—of all authors!—to be Browning's. Writing in his early twenties while he was yet under the spell of Shelley and Keats, it is quite unlike his characteristic work. Only a few years after writing *Paracelsus* (1835), in which this song occurs, he resolutely shook off influences, as a shaggy Newfoundland dog shakes off drops of water, and became almost wholly original. Yet the smoothness and clarity of style shown in *Paracelsus* might have been retained with salutary results. In ruggedness and in dangerous approaches to obscurity Browning's development as a poet—after the death, in 1861, of his wife, who had drawn him away from such channels—was unfortunate, almost as unfortunate as Tennyson's or Longfellow's, although obviously for quite different reasons. Occasionally, as in *Andrea del Sarto* or *Mulékkeh* he combines this smoothness and clarity with his later qualities, which seems to prove that he could always have written thus clearly had he deemed such treatment possible or desirable for his usual subject-matter.

Browning's earliest long poem, *Pauline* (1833), little known to the general reader—and deservedly so, since the author himself afterward deprecated its publication—is, on account of its length, an even more surprising product than the song *Heap Cassia*. It is stamped throughout with Shelleyan influence. Its very obscurity is a Shelleyan rather than Browningsque obscurity—a resultant of vagueness of thought and fancy, a lack of firm contact with realities, with life. Its thin ethereal quality

is quite different from the noble spirituality of *The Ring and the Book* (1868). There is, however, no serious danger of misrepresenting Browning through *Pauline*, since, as already stated, the poem has been and will doubtless continue to be largely neglected. The danger is very real, on the other hand, in the case of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* (1843). As a drama which is still not infrequently staged and read, this is familiar ground, indeed much too familiar in justice to Browning's fame. Many admirers, though few discriminating admirers, of the poet insist that this play is one of his best productions. Yet to a playgoer who has as yet read nothing of Browning's it gives an unfortunate impression of his qualities and purposes. It is plainly sentimental; and Browning is almost never sentimental. The motivation is inexcusably weak; and ordinarily one of Browning's strongest characteristics is his Shakespearean insight into human motives. The very theme is somewhat morbid, morbid with a touch of that later Elizabethan intensity which marks the plays of Ford; and morbidity is the last characteristic which one commonly associates with Browning. But fortunately the poet of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* is not the true Browning, not the Browning of the first scene of *Pippa Passes*, or *In a Balcony*, or the monologues of Guido, Caponsacchi, Pompilia, and the Pope, in *The Ring and the Book*.

It is not necessary to confine ourselves to poetry in order to obtain further illustrations of this misrepresentative literature. Some of the most modern prose will serve quite as well. What amazement, and perchance consternation or despair, must have sat upon the brows of the admirers of Terence Mulvaney when Kipling published *The Brushwood Boy*!³ No hint had hitherto been vouchsafed of the delicate yet daring fantasy, the dream-atmosphere, of this inimitable story. It is as though Kipling had turned Ariel. That modern Ariel, Shelley, has done nothing which is pinnacled more dim in the intense inane than this tale and its later companion, *They*.⁴ There is abundance of realistic detail in both, which is characteristic of Kipling, but the combi-

³ In *The Day's Work* (1899).

⁴ First published in *Scribner's Magazine*, Aug. 1904.

nation with strangely unreal romance is found in scarcely any other work of his save the inferior study *Wireless*. A bare recital of the plot of *The Brushwood Boy* suffices to show how dissimilar it is to the author's characteristic stories. A young English soldier, of good family, falls in love at first sight—or hearing, rather—with an English girl who, as he is passing through the gardens after a muddy tramp in the country, is singing within the house, at which she is a guest, that beautiful lyric, *Over the Edge of the Purple Down*. He falls in love with her for the reason—not at all surprising, of course—that certain obscure geographical references in her song show that she is the heroine of the strange dreams which he has had on various nights for several years. Obviously, also, she too has similar dreams and knows him in this dream-world, of which he, with an admirable touch of nature which reveals Kipling's insight into humanity, has made a rough map in the most matter-of-fact way. Curiously enough, they have both named the places alike. Hence, having long been lovers in these peculiar dreams, which in all important respects exactly correspond to each other, what more natural than that they should become lovers in real life? And a very satisfactory love story Kipling makes of it—which again is not very characteristic, since ordinarily he ignores the love motive in his tales.

The later story *They* is even more obscure and impalpable. Founded on a blind and childless woman's intense love for children, it proposes the astounding theory of her ability to gather about her, on her wonderfully beautiful estate, the visible ghosts of dead children. These give the title to this exquisite fantasy, which is clearly not for the hasty reader of ordinary magazine stories. A reader with imagination and sympathy is required; and each of these qualities must be possessed to an uncommon degree to ensure comprehension and enjoyment of the story. Indicative as it is of the modern interest in spiritual phenomena, the tale shows Kipling's contact with his time. The realism imparted by the rôle which the motor-car plays in the plot is characteristic; but the production as a whole is uncharacteristic. It reveals little kinship with *Soldiers Three* or *Plain Tales from the Hills*. The robust, boisterous tone

is absent. There is none of that delightfully informal atmosphere of sinewy undress, of half-clad expletives, honest perspiration, and open sin, which is prominent in a typical Kipling story. The author has for once "put on the soft pedal": this is not one of his unabashed, loud-voiced productions. But it is one of his best. And the reader who, after perusing the American magazine in which *They* first appeared, felt cheated, was guilty of lack of appreciation of one of Kipling's loftiest flights. Nevertheless, this outraged reader was right in declaring that this is not the Kipling whom he had come to know. In his typical stories he draws his strength, Antæus-like, from the earth, is almost always close to realities. These two whimsical excursions into the invisible air, though indispensable to some of us, are negligible to the majority of Kipling's readers.

Instances, however, of such delicately beautiful works by authors ordinarily forceful or denunciatory might easily be multiplied. Carlyle, past-master of "Titanic scolding" in *Sartor Resartus* and *Past and Present*, may be viewed in a much tenderer light in his recently published love letters; indeed, in several passages, also, of the two books mentioned. He is moved almost to tears by the spectacle of the typical laboring man, in that really magnificent passage of *Past and Present*, beginning, "All true work is sacred." And the Swift of the delightful *Journal to Stella* is quite another Swift than the author of *Gulliver's Travels* or the *Tale of a Tub*. Mr. Jack London, it is true, has not yet written a novel which does not have as its main *motif* the praise of savage strength; but it is conceivable that he may some day misrepresent himself by doing so.

Any author has a natural and inalienable right, of course, to exhibit variety. Much of this discussion, therefore, may seem to be mere quibbling. But it is immediately to be noted that, if the author have this heaven-born privilege, he does not commonly avail himself of it. His paths are generally well marked; we know his comings and goings. It is only an occasional genius like Shakespeare who may roam at will from Caliban to Rosalind, from Iago to Hamlet, and from London to the sea-coast of Bohemia. Yet even Shakespeare has so misrepresented

himself in at least one play, *Titus Andronicus* (1594?), as to lead some critics to deny his authorship of it. The plot is indeed so bloody and revolting—one scene involving the entrance of the heroine, Lavinia, with her tongue cut out and with only bleeding stumps of wrists—that it is far from Shakespearean. It is undeniably Shakespeare's, none the less, as has been recently proved,⁴ and is a reworking and condensation of two earlier English plays. The probable explanation is that a dramatic manager requested Shakespeare to revamp the story, on account of the popularity of bloody plots in that period, shortly after 1590, and that the great dramatist, not then a man of notable reputation, despite reluctance to treat such uncongenial material, consented. That the task was uncongenial there can be little doubt. But this was probably not the only play which he produced by request; and all of the suspected ones (including *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Pericles*, and *Timon of Athens*) are inferior to his average work. *Romeo and Juliet* (1591, revised 1595?), moreover, is not a representative tragedy in one respect: it makes use of the element of chance, deserting for once the Shakespearean theory that each man is himself the architect of his own fate. All the later tragedies, however, illustrate this theory. Plainly, then, *Romeo* does not correctly represent Shakespeare as a writer of tragedies. This is not variety, but failure to exhibit his normal characteristics. And *Titus* is a much more forcible illustration of such failure. Bloody scenes and unnatural horrors of all sorts are characteristic enough of the decadent period from 1620 to 1640, when the unusual was sought at all costs because a new thrill must be provided for the jaded playgoers. Ford will furnish more examples than any healthy-minded modern reader will relish. But it would be strange indeed to find Shakespeare willingly putting his hand to such gutter-work. It is not surprising, therefore, that critics, and good critics, moreover, should on internal evidence have rejected *Titus* as non-Shakespearean. It contains some unmistakably Shakespearean passages, it is

⁴H. de W. Fuller, "The Sources of *Titus Andronicus*," in *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, Vol. XVI, No. 1.

true, which should have warned critics to beware of judgment from plot and general characteristics; but it is quite unworthy of Shakespeare.

An author, then, may display variety while still preserving certain unmistakable characteristics; or he may quite desert his field. When a poet like Walt Whitman informs us, in an unnecessarily blatant fashion, that as for rhyme and metre he will have none of them, and then produces a sporadic lyric like *Captain, My Captain*, perfectly regular in both respects, and admirable in all respects, we are justified in repeating the well-worn quotation on consistency. The schoolboy who should declaim this poem would be grieved to find, upon turning to the author's collected works, that Whitman had apparently followed the advice of that famous Western jury: "Not guilty, but don't do it again!" Whitman frequently approaches regularity in his metre, it is true, although he affects to scorn it; but he almost never uses rhyme. Moreover, *Captain, My Captain* is free from those vicious eccentricities and mannerisms of phraseology which are characteristic of him—colloquial terms cheek by jowl with elevated phrase, meaningless cataloguing, vulgar imagery; in fine, serious lack of a sense of values. Hence this lyric gives one no correct conception of Whitman's poetic attitude and accomplishment. It is an alien, almost an intruder. If a reader wishes to know the real Whitman in a brief poem, he should peruse such a production as the one characteristically entitled *To You*. This reveals none of his worst perversities of expression, represents fairly his treatment of his leading theme, democracy, and includes an admirable passage glorifying the divine elements in the average man. Yet in the case of *Captain, My Captain*, as in Tennyson's *Ulysses*, the uncharacteristic poem is nevertheless one of the author's very best. In the case of Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* and Browning's *Blot in the 'Scutcheon* this is not true.

Sometimes a writer who has produced almost nothing but humorous stories of a pronounced and even unique type will puzzle his readers by an entirely serious, perhaps sinister, study in the tragic side of life. This has been done by Mr. W. W.

Jacobs. *The Monkey's Paw*,⁶ a strangely powerful suggestion of the spirit world, is quite out of the field of the chaffing of the night watchman and Ginger Dick. Yet it is quite as good of its kind.

Chaucer was also a humorist and he likewise wrote serious tales. In fact, he so divided his attention that a serious study cannot be said to be uncharacteristic of him. Yet his serious works differ greatly in kind and value, and at least one or two, like the *Parson's Tale* and Chaucer's own tale of *Melibæus*, are undeniably stupid, probably for the excellent reason that they were intended to be stupid, the former as being dramatically appropriate, and the latter as Chaucer's joke on himself. But one which has hitherto seemed somewhat stupid to the-not-too-slavishly devout Chaucerian scholar and which has therefore sometimes been thought curiously unrepresentative of its author, has in a recent article been declared satirical in intent. Viewed from this standpoint, after some rubbing of eyes, *The Legend of Good Women*, as interpreted by Professor H. C. Goddard,⁷ is discovered to be possibly more satisfactory than if it be deemed entirely serious. The unfortunately chosen examples of "good" women, such as Cleopatra and Dido, turn out to be malicious rather than clumsy: Chaucer was never clumsy. And the occasional lines which disconcertingly seemed to be humorous turn out to be in all probability actually humorous. This, one thinks, might have been suspected from the fact that few or no such suspicious lines occur in a genuinely pathetic Chaucerian production like *The Clerk's Tale*. The result, therefore, of Professor Goddard's keen analysis seems to be a needed justification of Chaucer as a literary artist. It is gratifying to find, also, that several noted literary scholars have enthusiastically accepted the theory.

We are seemingly brought to a halt, however, in studying variations from type, by not a few writers whose literary activity is divided into two distinct periods, the works of the two periods

⁶In *The Lady of the Barge, and Other Stories*.

⁷"Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*." Reprinted from the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, Oct. 1908, Jan. 1909.

being astonishingly dissimilar. The nature of the subject-matter changes from painting to sociology, or from the ideal to the practical, or from pure story telling to scientific analysis and philosophical speculation. The spirit changes from profound spiritual melancholy to jaunty acceptance of the conventional world, or from the melodramatic exhibition of a bleeding heart to pungent and exhaustless satire. These are no figments of the brain but genuine examples from nineteenth-century literature. What, in such cases, is representative? Are the two periods reconcilable? Why did the author change his characteristic attitude?

In 1860 John Ruskin turned abruptly, and to most of his readers inexplicably, from art to social reform. Up to that time he had written the five volumes of *Modern Painters* (1843-60), *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849), and the *Stones of Venice* (1851-53). He now produced in rapid succession *Unto This Last* (1860), *Munera Pulveris* (1863), *The Crown of Wild Olive* (1866), and *Time and Tide* (1868), all of which fiercely arraigned existing social and economic conditions. Moreover, his style changed from the ornate to the simple, from the involved to the forthright, from the delicate to the denunciatory. If asked which period he wished to be considered representative of him, Ruskin himself would doubtless have answered, "the second." In effect, he made this answer many times. Yet the majority of his readers still cling a little more fondly to the art works, and persist in regarding Ruskin as a "fine writer"—"meaning," he indignantly declared, "that no one need mind what I say!" The truth is that, intense lover of beauty though he seemed, Ruskin was never interested purely in art; the moral in art was what chiefly attracted him. He denounced sham in a painting as Carlyle denounced it in persons. He urges us to beware of deceit in architecture, of false fronts and thin veneers. One of his best critics, Mr. J. A. Hobson,^a declares that if one reads the chapter on the nature of Gothic, in the *Seven Lamps*, Ruskin's tendency already appears in embryo, and that a perusal of the *Stones of Venice* shows his whole policy

^a John Ruskin, *Social Reformer* (1898).

of social reform to be inevitable. Clearly, then, Ruskin was right in feeling that the works of his second period are profoundly characteristic. No thoughtful man could in those years escape the Victorian current of speculation. It reappears in George Eliot's transition from genuine narrative in *Adam Bede* (1859), her best novel *qua* novel, to philosophy and science in *Middlemarch* (1872).

Matthew Arnold's work presents at first sight an even more puzzling problem than Ruskin's. It has been well said that no one would suspect that Arnold's poetry and his prose were written by the same man. The former, composed almost wholly in his earlier life, is colored by agnostic melancholy, relieved by extremely beautiful nature setting; the sharpest contrast between the two is visible in *Dover Beach*. Human life, in this poetic period, is an "uncongenial place." And in that mournfully exquisite poem, *Resignation*, even nature, in many of its aspects, "seems to bear rather than rejoice." Rest from strife, the serenity of twilight and moonlight, receive the poet's praise. Yet in Arnold the writer of prose these notes almost never appear. He has frankly accepted the world. Urbane, open-minded, witty, merciless to sham and pretence, he goes forth to reform society. His jaunty air of assurance, his brisk optimism, above all the thoroughly practical atmosphere of the man, fill us with astonishment. Can the same author have written *Culture and Anarchy* (1869) and *Dover Beach*? Yet, beginning with the lectures *On Translating Homer* (1859), he maintained essentially the same qualities throughout his prose period. And after he began to write important prose he wrote very little poetry.

Here was a clear though somewhat gradual transition, the causes of which are still a trifle obscure. Some critics believe that when his prose period opened he had settled his conflicts of the spirit and had left religious melancholy behind him. Others hold that Arnold's own comments, in his letters, deserve attention, and that they show that his prosaic duties of thirty years as inspector of schools had pathetically dimmed the poetic flame. He tells us, for example, in one letter, that he feels himself growing old amid a press of occupations for which, after

all, he was not born; and in another, that he is only doing what thousands of others could do just as well, and that for the things which he really loves and for which he has real ability he has no time. Yet if he had no leisure for poetry he contrived to do a deal of work in prose; and in the pages of his prose there is no note of regret. He was no longer a child of revolution, "beating in the air his luminous wings in vain." As Mr. Lewis E. Gates⁹ observes, the secret of Arnold's personality, as evinced in his prose, is reconciliation of conventionality with fineness of spiritual temper. He became, in the best sense of a much-abused phrase, a man of the world. But one may not therefore calmly dismiss his whole body of poetry as misrepresentative.

Another man of the world, in a different sense, was Lord Byron. At the present time there is no longer any question as to which of *his* works represent him properly. This man was always at bottom a satirist and a mocker. His affectation of melancholy and pretended love of solitude in *Childe Harold* (1812-18) and other engaging romantic poems was largely commercial. It deceived and intrigued the public, and resulted in vast sales. Even in his best passages of this period, such as the justly famous "There was a sound of revelry by night," there lurks something of the theatrical. His style is always approaching the declamatory. How he must have laughed in his sleeve at the gullible public, and at equally gullible critics like Jeffrey, who declared that in the sentiments of his corsairs and cutthroats there was a tone of "dreadful sincerity"! Finally, sated with adulation and aided by the undeniable sting of ostracism from London society, he deserted melodrama for satire, and produced (1818-24) that characteristic masterpiece, *Don Juan*. In this he throws off the mask of a blighted being, ill-treated by destiny and the world, and with reckless sincerity and Elizabethan frankness gives us the real Lord Byron's opinions of the universe. Such a wonderful ease breathes from these stanzas as is nowhere visible in *Childe Harold*. His long-filled vials of mockery are unstopped; it is Swift *redivivus*. The story element is less prominent than in *Gulliver*, which is

⁹ *Three Studies in Literature* (1899).

read with delight by children without suspicion of its mordant satire. *Don Juan* with Don Juan left out would lose but little. The poem is a long series of digressions; Byron frolics about like a once-caged animal at liberty. There are passages of altogether delightful chaffing. But nothing is sacred to this disillusioned spirit, this leader, as Southey dubbed him, of the "Satanic school." His rain of Parthian shafts at London and the world, as he hastens from them to the precipice of his early death, is unexampled in modern poetry. Brilliancy is inadequate as a characterization of some of those consummate verses of mockery.

And combined with this mockery is the really romantic, if too thin and carelessly developed, story of the hero, Don Juan. The real Byron, in short, was a romantic satirist. He had always been a warm admirer of Pope, and had cordially despised Wordsworth and Coleridge. His first important poem, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809), had been a satire in heroic couplets, occasioned by unfavorable reviews of his early volume, *Hours of Idleness*, which was indeed nearly worthless. Then for nine years, he changed his field, not reappearing in satire until the publication of *Beppo* (1818). But the alpha and omega of his career were satirical. This was his natural bent, disguise it how he might. The emphasis once placed on *Childe Harold* and its companion poems is now seen to have been wrongly placed. Save in the descriptions of the various monuments of Greece and Rome, which show for the first and almost the only time the element of reverence in this irreverent revolutionist, and in a few other separable passages, these poems of his middle period reveal upon a searching examination little but fustian. That they could once deceive is a tribute to Byron the actor. But the best poetry, as Arnold reminded us, is inviolable to charlatanism; and Byron's best poetry, his representative poetry, is satire colored by romance. In this respect, therefore, *Don Juan* is even more characteristic than *English Bards*.

Difficult though it may be, then, to estimate the real man, to detach his real characteristics, there will probably be little question of the value of such discrimination. If an author

possessed certain good qualities which he failed to develop, it is important to note this, and to ascertain, if possible, why he did not develop in this direction. As in science, environment often plays a part; and still more often, that line of least resistance which leads indolent man to cultivate those qualities which are easiest to cultivate, or which, perhaps sometimes deceiving himself, he believes to be native to his genius. Variations from type, however, are not in literature, as in science, very frequently progressive. A new species of poetry or prose does not commonly arise by such means, but by a general, a national, and often an international movement. Yet the influence of a great writer on lesser ones is in many cases so powerful and so far-reaching that a variation for the better in the one would have affected the many also. Hence it is that one laments the failure of Tennyson to develop the masculine qualities which he early revealed in *Ulysses*; and of Whitman to conform to those laws of metre and rhyme the salutary restraint of which would possibly have improved his chaos of poetry, over which a noble spirit of creation broods but which remains still unfinished.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR BY A
CONFEDERATE STAFF OFFICER*

(FOURTH PAPER)

THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE

Some days were necessary for the preparations for my journey to Tennessee. Besides my own affairs, selling my horses and buying my outfit, I had commissions from all the members of the staff for all manner of things, and shopping was tedious and laborious. I finally started, overburdened with a mass of luggage, packages of boots, saddles, bridles, and clothing, and reached Murfreesboro the latter part of December, 1862.

Our brigade of cavalry was on the right flank of General Bragg's army, doing picket duty. We had no tents and usually slept in the open, though the weather was cold and rainy. As I had not been on field duty now for a year, sleeping on the damp ground brought on an attack of rheumatic fever, and I was sent to the rear by the surgeon the night before the battle of Murfreesboro. My servant Dick got an old tent, and in this I lay down that night, burning with fever and aching all over. In the morning the battle began, and ill as I was, I could not lie still. So I ordered my horse and rode to the front. I was in the worst place in the world, in the rear of a line of infantry, under a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries. The infantry was under the shelter of the rising ground, I was in the open behind them, and the shells were skipping gaily over the ground and bursting uncomfortably near.

I spent the day roaming about in search of my command, but it had moved during the night, and no one could give me any information concerning its whereabouts. When night came on, I went back to my old tent and lay down, sick and wretched. During the night the General and staff came into camp, and then I learned that a retreat had been ordered. It seemed to

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This is the fourth of a series of articles by the same author which will run throughout the year.—EDITOR.

me that I was more than ever a Jonah, all my campaigns having ended in a retreat, and now in addition I was ill and had to make the retreat on horseback, as we had no ambulances. All that night I crept along the muddy road in the rain, on horseback. I was delirious at times, and if Dick had not stuck to me I should have been left to die on the roadside. The battle was said to have been a draw, but I am sure that if we had not retreated Rosecrans would have done so. In fact, I have been told by Nashville people that he had retreated as far as that city, and only returned to the battle-ground after he had learned of Bragg's retreat. Of course I know nothing but this: that we retreated in the slowest fashion, and were not followed or molested in any way.

Our command was now ordered into winter quarters at Knoxville, but we remained there only a short time. From there we went to Rogersville on account of forage, but even there our stay was short. In the latter part of January, 1863, we were ordered on picket duty along the Cumberland River, and took up our line of march over the Cumberland Mountains to a point about a hundred and twenty miles from Knoxville. We spent the winter moving from place to place as the enemy threatened. I know I crossed the Cumberland Mountains four times, marching a hundred miles each time.

In the spring we made a raid into Kentucky after cattle and brought out about nine hundred head safely, although the enemy pressed us on our retreat, and we were several times in line of battle, awaiting their attack. But they did not attack, contenting themselves with shelling us at long range. When we got back into Tennessee, we took up our positions on the Cumberland River and with five regiments of cavalry and two batteries of artillery attempted to guard all the passes in the mountains and fords of the river for a stretch of a hundred and twenty miles. Of course the line was too long for such a force, and General Saunders made a raid in our rear, striking at Wartburg our base of supplies in the mountains, about half way—fifty miles—from Knoxville. We got news of the raid one night about eleven o'clock and started at once on a forced march to Wartburg, forty-six miles in our rear, and reached there at

sunrise, but too late, for Saunders rode out of town as we rode in. We made the march in seven hours, the fastest I have read of, but we had only a handful of men when we entered the town, the rest were stretched out for fifty miles in our rear in every sort of disabled condition of horses and men. I started on that ride with a fine mare I had gotten in Kentucky, and she kept her place at the head of the command all the way, but that was her last march; she was hopelessly crippled and could only do duty about camp after that.

Saunders got nothing at Warburg, for the reason that there was nothing there. He paroled half a dozen men and destroyed a few stores. We were almost in touch with him all the way to Knoxville, and from there to Cumberland Gap, a fortified post on the Cumberland Mountains, through which he made his retreat into Kentucky. We could not attack, for his rear guard was twice as strong as any force we could bring to bear, and his positions were always defended by artillery. We picked up a few stragglers and one abandoned gun, the carriage having broken down. When we came upon his rear guard, we seldom had more than a dozen men up with us, and our artillery was about fifty miles in the rear. Once when we entered a house we found a very good and abundant supper on the table, prepared for our enemies, who had hurried away on our approach. We sat down and attacked the supper at once, the girls who waited on us not discovering us as rebels until one of our men asked for buttermilk. The mother of the girls cried out at once, "These men are Rebels; no Union soldier ever asks for buttermilk." This family was only a sample of what we found in East Tennessee. There were exceptions, of course, but we rarely could get anyone to give us information about the enemy, whereas they were always ready to give the enemy any information of us within their knowledge.

The summer was now very far advanced, and the battle of Chickamauga was brewing. Some time was necessary to recruit our broken-down horses. They were stretched out along the road, after a forced march from Kentucky to Knoxville and thence to Cumberland Gap, a distance of two hundred miles, and we had to get them together and mend them up. In a

month we were in fair condition and were ordered to Chattanooga. We crossed the river and took up our position on Missionary Ridge, overlooking the town and the beautiful valley of the Tennessee River. There was no enemy in sight, and we found that Rosecrans was expected shortly and would attack General Bragg. When Rosecrans entered Chattanooga we were ordered to withdraw from Missionary Ridge, thus leaving the way open for him to cross the river. Of course this was a silent invitation on the part of General Bragg to battle, and the invitation was accepted. When Rosecrans began to cross the river, we fell back to Dalton, in northern Georgia, about thirty miles south of Chattanooga, where we joined General Bragg.

Of course none of us understood the meaning of these manœuvres. We fully expected General Bragg to retreat toward the Gulf of Mexico, and General Pegram, who was tired of his position in the West, asked to be relieved with orders to report at Richmond. The truth was, General Pegram had never been acceptable to Western troops. They naturally wished to be commanded by Western officers. Moreover, even after General Pegram was given a division of cavalry, the colonels of his brigade each aspired to be division commanders. Pegram's position, therefore, as a Virginian with a staff all Virginians, was uncomfortable. When the order came relieving him, all the officers expressed regret. This, however, had no effect on Pegram, but when General Bragg sent for him and told him that if he would retain command for a few days he would see a battle, he gladly consented, and thus the orders were not published until after the Battle of Chickamauga in September, 1863. The battle-field was about half way between Dalton and Chattanooga, or fifteen miles from each place.

Pegram now commanded a division of cavalry with several batteries of artillery, and in the absence of Captain ———, adjutant-general, I was appointed acting adjutant-general, and served in that capacity until we were relieved. All the reports of brigade commanders were made to me as adjutant-general of division during the Battle of Chickamauga. Immediately after we joined the army, Bragg advanced to Chickamauga half way between Dalton and Chattanooga and gave battle.

I will not attempt a description of the battle. I saw a great deal of it, but not enough to understand it. In fact, I do not see how any officer can undertake to describe a battle, especially in a wooded country, and this battle was in the woods, as far as I saw it. The disposition of the troops and the plan of battle are known only to the commander, and he has the only maps of the country. The subordinate officers know only what occurs in their immediate vicinity. Of course the student with the maps and reports of all the officers before him can in a way describe a battle, but the subordinate officer knows only what comes within range of his own experiences, and these are very limited in a wooded country, especially if the officer is attending to his own particular business.

At Murfreesboro I thought we were victorious, when General Bragg decided we were worsted, and at Chickamauga, where I thought we had been beaten, we had gained a signal victory. I saw only a portion of each battle and grounded my opinion on what I saw. Certainly all the troops with whom I acted were beaten, beginning at four o'clock in the morning down to sunset; I had been with the cavalry half the day, and we had been beaten in two encounters with infantry strongly posted behind stout timber defences.

About the middle of the day I was sent back to General Bragg to bring up infantry to dislodge the infantry which had beaten us back from their strong position in the woods. I brought up first General Wilson with his Alabama troops, and afterward General Walker's command of Georgia troops, and put them in position. They both attacked and came out with but small remnants of their commands. In carrying orders for General Bragg I had passed by a knoll on which was posted a battery of artillery. All the guns were silent except one, and that one was being worked by a lieutenant. The ground was covered with the dead men of the battery, lying under and around the guns, and the lieutenant alone in his shirt sleeves, and without a hat, his head bound up with a bloody bandage and the blood streaming down his face and over his clothing, was loading and firing the gun into the woods in front, where were posted the enemy's in-

fantry which had defeated all our efforts to dislodge them during all that day.

After sunset I heard cheering in the direction of these disasters and rode alone into the woods to see what it meant. I rode on, seeing no troops but the dead and wounded, until I came to the position occupied all day by the enemy. They had cut down trees as a defence, and now these trees were literally filled with their dead, no living being was visible. I followed the cheering for some distance until darkness set in. Who dislodged these troops of the enemy and turned the repeated disasters of the day into a victory, I do not know.

Why Bragg did not follow up his advantage and crush Rosecrans before he could cross the Tennessee River is a mystery to me. I followed him with the cavalry to Missionary Ridge, and looked down from that high position on his army and saw it cross the river. Our cavalry could do nothing, as all the strong positions along the line of retreat were occupied by large bodies of infantry, supported by batteries of artillery. But several days were consumed in his retreat, and if strong bodies of infantry had been thrown against their flanks, all these strong positions could have been turned and Rosecrans' orderly retreat could have been turned into a rout and disaster.

I was in sight of the retreating army every day and all day, and saw all the weak points and the strong points, also the line of retreat, and am sure Rosecrans' army would have been captured or destroyed if Longstreet had made a flank attack the morning after the battle, and Bragg had pressed closely on Rosecrans' rear. If the cavalry could occupy Missionary Ridge, Longstreet certainly could have done the same, and his heavy guns could have reached the retreating troops. On that commanding position a hundred guns could easily have been used. We looked down for one whole day from there on Rosecrans' army as it crossed the Tennessee River. The men waded in water about breast high, the pontoon bridge being reserved for artillery and wagon trains.

It has been said that Rosecrans would have taken Missionary Ridge in the rear if our troops had occupied it. But Rosecrans' army was beaten and had no stomach for attack, and how could

he attack without exposing his rear to Bragg's following and victorious army? All day we listened for the sound of Bragg's attack, but we heard no guns except such as the cavalry used in their many encounters with the retreating force. In one of our artillery fights with the retreating army, the firing was as rapid and precise as any I had ever experienced. One of our batteries had to be moved by hand, so great was our loss in horses, and my own mare went on three legs for several months, a shell having burst immediately under us. Of course I do not know Bragg's reasons for inaction. There may have been a question of supplies or transportation. Now Dalton, only thirty miles from Chattanooga, was Bragg's base of supplies, and the wagons of the entire army could have been used in bringing up the supplies. I was in Dalton immediately after Rosecrans escaped, and the place was filled with long trains of cars loaded with supplies of every sort. To us of the cavalry it was a matter of wonder and disgust that Bragg did not crush Rosecrans before he could cross the Tennessee River. We may not have known the real difficulties, if there were any, but, in the absence of Bragg's reasons, we must remain of the opinion that a great opportunity was lost.

We, the cavalry, remained on Missionary Ridge for several days. Then Rosecrans, finding he was not pursued, recrossed the river and took up strong positions from which, I heard afterwards, Bragg failed to dislodge him after repeated efforts and fearful losses. The fighting being all over, General Pegram and his staff were soon on their way to Richmond. When I arrived in Richmond, I resigned my commission as major in the Commissary Department, and retook my old rank in the regular army as lieutenant of infantry, with orders to report to General Lee. When I reported to General Lee he was encamped in Culpeper County, Virginia. He had me commissioned captain of artillery and assigned me to duty at his headquarters as assistant chief ordnance officer, Army Northern Virginia. He asked me if I thought I would now remain with him, and I replied that I expected to do so until he sent me away. Thus I remained with him to the end and surrendered with him at Appomattox.

From what I have written it will be seen that our career in Tennessee was neither pleasant nor profitable. We were very active, engaged in many skirmishes, and made long and hard marches, but there was no glory and little satisfaction in it all. For my own part I could never reconcile myself to the position of commissary. Pegram had been as good as his word and kept me near him, and my duties as commissary were confined to signing papers prepared for me by my subordinates, and he also assigned me to duty as adjutant-general of his division at the first opportunity, thus relieving me from all commissary duties. But my responsibilities as commissary were heavy on me. I had turned over large sums of money to my subordinates, without knowing whether or not it had been properly disbursed, and my relief was great when my final report and my resignation were accepted by the department. While in the Army of Tennessee, two things struck me as very strange: the fierce jealousies among the officers of our command, and the character of the men in civil life. These jealousies lasted through the war, and two of the commanders of regiments in our command were killed in street fights after the war by brother officers, their quarrels having originated during their service in the army. And the people were divided politically, at least in East Tennessee, many being our friends, but the majority, it seemed to me, were our enemies. There was a strong party of descendants of Virginia ancestors who universally stood our friends, but there were very many who stood by the Union, and I could never feel safe in any company of strangers. In the mountains there was a class of men called 'bush-whackers' who did not hesitate to take a shot at us on our marches, when they could do so with safety to themselves. This was a new situation to me. In Virginia we were one in everything touching the war. There may have been enemies among us, but at any rate we did not know it, while in Tennessee we seemed to be in an enemy's country much of the time.

My assignment to duty at General Lee's headquarters was in October, 1863, and I entered at once upon my duties. The army was camped in Culpeper County, Virginia, and there was no fighting. Lee and Grant seemed to be watching each other.

There were those who, knowing Grant's character, believed he would attempt a winter campaign, and General Lee may have been one of them. When Grant suddenly crossed the river and confronted us at Mine Run, we faced him for two days, I think; an artillery duel resulting, but no attack. Finding there was no intention of an immediate attack, General Lee recrossed the Rapidan, placing the river between us and the enemy. Grant did not follow or press us, but allowed us to retire without molestation. Grant made no attempt to cross the river, and we went into winter quarters along the Rapidan, with headquarters three miles from Orange Court House, in a pine grove on the plank road to Fredericksburg.

The General and his staff were in tents, made comfortable by brick chimneys and plank floors. We were divided into five messes, each mess in a group of tents to itself, and connected with each other by tan-bark walks to protect us against the Orange mud. The walks had a railing of poles on each side to guide us in the dark nights.

General Lee's mess was composed of himself and Colonels Marshall and Venable, aids, and Walter H. Taylor, adjutant-general. My mess consisted of Colonel Baldwin, my chief, Major Young, and myself. The other messes were composed of the officers of the different departments, the medical, quartermaster, commissary, and inspector-general. The chief of artillery did not camp with us. Colonel Cole was chief quartermaster, and Colonel Corley was chief commissary, and these two officers, with their assistants, messed together. Colonel Murray and Major Peyton of the inspector-general's department, messed together, and Dr. Gild, medical director, and Drs. Breckenridge, Wingfield, and Herndon, formed another mess. Each officer had his own private tent, and attached to each mess were a mess tent and a cook tent. Each officer had his own private servant, and there was a cook to each mess, and also a wagon and teamster. The military family, therefore, of General Lee consisted of about thirty-five officers and about fifty negro servants.

To avoid the danger of sparks burning our tents, we were all supplied with soft coal, which we burned in grates let in to our

brick chimneys. We could have been very comfortable if our rations had been larger and of better quality, but one quarter of a pound of musty bacon and one pound of flour was our entire ration all that winter and up to the end of the war. Poor as was our ration, however, I do not remember hearing anyone complain. We all knew that many of our loved ones at home were almost starving.

The whole winter we devoted to preparations for the struggle which would come in the spring. That the struggle would come, and be a death struggle, we all knew. Hitherto we had contended with a succession of Federal generals, all of them hampered by instructions from Washington, and we had generally beaten them, one after another. But now we had opposed to us the only successful general the North had produced, and he had been put in command of all the armies of the North, and had accepted command on the condition that there would be no instructions from Washington. He, therefore, could concentrate at will, and his strategy being confined to his own brain could be kept secret from the world, for secrecy is the very life of strategy. And besides this, the whole power of the nation had been brought to bear on the strengthening and equipping of his army, or rather armies. Large bounties were offered and attracted the hundreds of thousands of idle men at home and abroad, and Germany filled up the ranks which had been thinned in battle.

On one occasion in the next campaign I was sent to question a captured regiment, and could not find in it one single officer or man who spoke one word of English; and it is a known fact that an interpreter was generally necessary in communicating with prisoners. The captured regiment was guarded by sentinels who prevented anyone from passing the guard line, but our men were exchanging their bags of tobacco for the little bags of coffee of the Union men. The bargains were made by signs, holding up their little bags, and when a bargain was concluded the sentinels passed the bags in and out of the line.

There was a Catholic priest in the Union regiment, as chaplain, I suppose, a handsome young fellow in a perfectly new uniform, who, seeing one of our cavalry men holding up a pair

of worn and broken boots, sat down on the ground and drew off his beautiful boots and passed them over, receiving the broken boots and drawing them on, apparently contented with his bargain. The Christian charity in this act was wonderful under the circumstances.

Grant's army, therefore, was recruited up to full strength by drawing, by conscription and bounties, from the whole North and by bounties from the rest of the world, and his equipment in arms, provisions, and transportation was as good as unlimited means could buy. When I say that his force was four times as great as ours, I think I have not overstated the case.

On our side, there were no more men to be had. The Gettysburg and Chickamauga campaigns had thinned our ranks and there was no way of filling them up. All detailed men were ordered to the front and their places were filled with disabled men. My clerk was soon ordered to join his command, and for the remainder of the war I had all the clerky duty of the office to do. I never had another clerk and had to make up the morning reports for transmission to General Lee every morning, a hard job for me, as I had had no training as a clerk. In spite of all this, our ranks remained fearfully thin. A regiment of men rarely exceeded three hundred and was often below that; brigades which had numbered five thousand were often below fifteen hundred men. We had arms and ammunition, for we captured them, but all other supplies, especially food, were utterly inadequate, and it is hard fighting on an empty stomach.

When I remember these things, the campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg comes up before me as the greatest wonder of the war. We worked hard all that winter at Orange Court House in all departments, but in spite of all our efforts, when spring came, nothing seemed to have been accomplished. Our ranks certainly had not been filled up, and we were fearfully short of supplies, how short no one knew but the heads of the departments. These, then, were the conditions under which General Lee entered upon the campaign which opened in the spring of 1864.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WILDERNESS BATTLE

In the spring of 1864 I was attached to General Lee's staff, and had been so attached for more than six months, as assistant chief ordnance officer, Army of Northern Virginia, and was frequently ordered to Richmond on business with General Gorgas, the chief of the Bureau of Ordnance.

I was in Richmond on the 4th of May, and left there on an early train the morning of the 5th. At about 2 P.M. I arrived at Orange Court House, where the army had been in quarters during the winter. It struck me that the place was singularly quiet, no soldiers or wagons, only a few ambulances moving about. At the railroad station was a solitary courier from headquarters, sitting on his horse and holding mine by the bridle. In answer to my inquiries, he said the whole army had moved early in the morning, and he believed he was the only man left. In a moment I was in the saddle and we were galloping down the plank road toward Fredericksburg.

This plank road was built by General Lee's army during the winter, and was intended to connect Orange Court House with Fredericksburg, but, unfortunately, the planking only extended a few miles. This road passed through the Wilderness Battlefield and Spottsylvania Court House. It also passed by the late camp of General Lee and his staff, and I was tempted to ride in and take a look at the place, which had been my home for the last six months. Nothing was left but the brick chimneys of our tents and one hen, which had had her nest under my bed and had laid me an egg every day for many weeks, and was now walking around our late camp, clucking her disgust at our desertion of her. I turned away, but on looking back saw that the courier had caught her and had wrung her neck.

In an hour we had overtaken the supply trains of the army and found the road blocked beyond a possibility of a passage to the front. We took to the woods, with occasional sedge-grass fields, and soon caught up with the rear of the marching columns.

For some time we had been hearing heavy skirmishing at the front, and now suddenly the woods resounded with the loud

roar of musketry, and we knew the battle had begun. I found afterward that the Heth and Wilcox divisions of the third corps and part of the second corps had engaged the Federal advance and, though unexpected on both sides, the fighting had been heavy.

But the darkness soon put a stop to it, and the silence deprived us of our only guide to the front. We met a large body of prisoners on their way to the rear, and inquired of almost every man we met, but nobody could tell us anything about anything or anybody. The country was an almost impenetrable wood, which, with the darkness, left only the road as a guide to the front or the rear.

After riding about for some time in the vain search for our headquarters, I determined to go into camp in one of the small sedge-grass fields, with which the woods were interspersed. Starting a fire I sent the courier away in search of our wagons or staff headquarters, for I had had nothing to eat since breakfast in Richmond. I saw no more of him that night, but my fire attracted many visitors who, like myself, were searching for their commands.

After a while, Colonel Baldwin and Major Young of our staff rode up, but they knew no more than I where the General or the rest of the staff were, or our wagons, and soon concluded to remain. We picketed our horses and sat down around the fire, determined to make the best of the situation.

Two more horsemen approached, one of them asking what camp was that, and where the provost guard was. We could not inform him. He then said, "I am Captain T. of the provost guard, and this is a Federal major I have taken prisoner and I don't know what to do with him. Won't you take him off my hands and give me an opportunity of finding my command?"

After some demur we consented, and told the Yankee Major to picket his horse and take a seat at the fire. This he did, and we formed a somewhat incongruous and very hungry party. The conversation turned upon eating, and each of us dilated upon the best dinners we remembered and the viands we would now prefer. The prisoner seemed amused at our wretchedness and presently said very politely, "Gentlemen, you seem to be

very hungry. If you will look in my saddle pockets, you will find five days' rations, to which you are perfectly welcome." The offer was promptly accepted, and in a moment we had before us a canvas bag, containing five pounds of pickled pork, a bag of hard tack, also a bag of coffee and a tin cup. The meat was cut into five equal slices, and soon each man, the prisoner included, was toasting his slice on his sabre point, the rich juice dripping on the crackers laid down to receive it. No one but a soldier can understand what this supper was to us. The coffee also was passed around in a tin cup, and that we enjoyed especially, for it was a luxury we seldom had.

When supper was over our prisoner said, "If you will now unstrap my overcoat behind my saddle you will find a flask of brandy and a bundle of cigars." We passed his flask around, and lighting his cigars gave ourselves up to solid comfort.

As our night was young, someone suggested to our prisoner that he tell us a story. He said he could not remember any story but the story of his capture that evening, and would tell that if we wished to hear it. Of course we assented.

THE YANKEE MAJOR'S STORY

"I am a major of the —— New York, Sedgwick's Corps. Yesterday we had five days' rations issued, with orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. We had had several false alarms, however; rations had been issued with the same orders, but nothing came of it. My wife was staying at a farm house in our rear, and I wished to take leave of her and provide a conveyance to the railroad station. Upon consultation with my colonel, it was decided that I might go, and that even though the command should move in my absence I could easily overtake it on horseback. I passed the night at the farm house and early this morning went out in search of the conveyance. But you all know what this is. The poor old farmers had not a horse left, and I rode from house to house for a long time in vain. Finally I succeeded, and starting my wife for the station rode rapidly back toward camp. But my difficulties soon began. Long before I reached our camping ground I found the road blocked with wagons and ambulances and was com-

pelled to go through the fields. When I reached camp not a man of the command was left. There were some people about, whites and negroes, who were intent on gathering the refuse of the camp, old kettles, blankets, boxes, and barrels, which they collected into piles and stood guard over, awaiting assistance in removal. But none of them could tell me anything. They did not even know what regiment had camped there.

"I hurried on and soon overtook large bodies of troops pursuing their way through the fields towards the river, the roads being all blocked with wagons, ambulances, and artillery. On reaching the river I found each ford and bridge fully occupied, with the approach to it crowded. I rode up and down the river bank, seeking for a crossing, but the banks were all steep, the river swollen and angry. I rode back to one of the columns and forced my way in behind the first wagon I could come at, and there crept behind that wagon until the sun was low in the heavens. It would sometimes stand still for half an hour, and then creep forward twenty paces, to stand still another half hour. At last I got across, and then the sun was going down behind Wilderness woods.

"I turned sharply to the right and rode rapidly up the bank of the river. The dropping shots all day had now developed into a roar of musketry, indicating a heavy battle. Upon entering the woods I was guided entirely by the firing, keeping well to the right, as my corps was generally on that flank. Pressing on through the tangled wood, the darkness deepening all the while, I became aware that the firing had ceased. I had nothing now to guide me; still I pressed on. Presently I came upon an open field, and in the light of it could see a column of troops rapidly marching along a road across the further side and disappearing in the dark woods, and I saw that they wore the blue. Pressing forward I came to a stream of water with high banks. I put my horse at it, but he refused it. He is a good one, and I knew it was bad. I rode up and down looking for a crossing, and at last, following a cow-path, plunged in and with difficulty got to the other side. By this time, the troops had all disappeared in the woods. I determined to follow, but just as I was entering the woods at the point I had seen them

enter, the firing began again, this time immediately behind me. I stopped to think. I did not like the looks of things at all. But the firing soon ceased, and I rode forward in the darkness. When I overtook the men in the road, I asked, 'What command is this?' No answer. I repeated the question. No answer. The men about me did not even speak among themselves. Determined to find out, I rode along the side of the road until I was far up alongside the main column. The troops behind seemed to be a small detachment. I put my hand on the shoulder of a man marching by my side and asked, 'What is your regiment?' 'Me fight mit Sigel.' This was all right, but a voice on the other side of me sung out, 'If one of you opens his mouth again, I will send a bullet after him.' This was strange and very awkward. I fell back to the rear, and riding along behind the troops, was presently aware that there was a horseman beside me. After a little hesitation I asked if he knew what troops were in front; he said he did not, that he had lost his command, and I exchanged confidences with him on that subject. He presently said, 'We won't be allowed to ride through those troops, suppose we turn off and try to get around them.' I agreed, and riding a short distance to the left of the road saw an open field not far off. In answer to my companion's question, I had told him I belonged to the ——— New York Infantry.

"When we reached the open field, my companion, who was following me said, 'I reckon you had better put up your hands. You are a prisoner.' I turned to look at him and saw the gleam of his pistol pointed at me, within three feet of me. I hesitated. He calmly remarked, 'I will count three and if your hands are not up over your head, I will fire. One—two—' There was no use to resist, and I put up my hands. 'Now ride toward that light.' I said I could not guide my horse. 'Ride with your knees, man.' I started and got along better than I expected. I think my horse naturally went toward the light, and the light was the light of the fire around which we are now sitting. On the way here my captor met a soldier who, at his request, relieved me of my arms. What I don't understand is, where was that body of Federal troops going?"

I answered, "I can tell you, Major. They were prisoners going to the rear. I met them myself this evening."

I was then called on for a story and said I would tell them about one of Mosby's feats in the Valley. It had been told me by an old farmer when I was last at my home and was riding along the road from Ripon to Myerstown, the scene of the fight.

MOSBY'S FIGHT

"Ever since the War began, the turnpike road from Charlestown to Berryville had been the great highway for troops, artillery and wagons, as the two opposing armies marched and countermarched up and down the Valley. Half way between Charlestown and Berryville, at a place called Ripon, a country road crosses the turnpike at right angles, going north to Summit Point and south to Myersford, about three miles' distance, and passes through Myerstown. The first mile is through cultivated fields, the second mile is through thick woods to Myerstown, and the last mile reaches Myersford, on the Shenandoah River. At Myerstown there is also a road crossing the road described at right angles, going east toward Charlestown and west toward Berryville.

"Mosby's headquarters were generally in Loudon County, but his scouts were always in the Valley and kept him posted as to the movements of troops and trains at all times. His plan was, upon information, to cross the river into the Valley suddenly in the night, and hiding his troops in the thick woods overlooking the highways, pounce upon his prey like a hawk. The damage he inflicted was enormous. His captures of men and his destruction of property were out of all proportion to the size of his force, and every effort was made to put a stop to his depredations. But he escaped every trap laid for him, and sometimes caught the trappers and carried them away. At last Major —— of the Federal army, volunteered to catch him.

"It had been explained that Mosby's men were better riders and better mounted than any force opposed to him, and as a consequence, even though he was beaten, he and his men would

get away. But Major ——'s force was made up of selected riders, mounted on swift horses of Southern breeds. The Major was brave, and so also were his men; all they asked was an open field and a fair fight, and this was publicly announced.

"Mosby heard of the challenge, and silently accepted it. Summoning his entire force, he picked them out, man by man and horse by horse. None but the bravest and best men, and the swiftest and best horses were taken, plead as they would.

"One dark night he crossed at Myersford and took his position in the woods, one mile from Ripon. He knew it was the habit of Major —— to march his force along the turnpike every morning to Berryville and back to Charlestown in the evening, passing Ripon on his way back about 4 P.M. Having ascertained that the Federal force had passed on its way to Berryville, he sent one third of his command under an officer to within three hundred yards of Ripon, hiding them in an orchard and behind some farm buildings. His instructions were to wait until about half the force had passed the junction of the two roads, and then charge boldly, and when overpowered, retreat down the road toward him. These orders were obeyed to the letter. The charge was terrific, cutting the force completely in two, creating dire confusion, and with ordinary troops might have been a rout. But soon order was restored and the Rebs were in full retreat, followed closely by the whole Federal force. The pace was terrible and soon the woods were entered.

"Like a tornado, sudden and unexpected, Mosby fell upon the flying squadrons. In a charge, order and discipline are, of course, in a measure abandoned, but when in addition to this necessary confusion an attack comes from the rear, the conditions are too hard for the best troops, and they were driven in confusion down to Myerstown and beyond it. Between Myerstown and the river the retreating squadron of Mosby's command, turned and charged their pursuers, driving them back to Myerstown. Attacked front and rear, part fled to the right toward Berryville, part to the left toward Charlestown, both of them pursued for several miles by Mosby's men, freely using both sword and pistol on the flying foe, and the rout and the disaster were now complete.

"As I rode along the road with the old farmer he explained the details of the fight more fully than I can do, showing the graves along the roadside, the spot where Mosby hid his advance guard, and the place in the woods from which he charged the rear of the enemy."

MAJOR Y.'S STORY

"My story will be short. It is about a very singular occurrence last autumn at Mine Run. I had the facts from General Rodes, in front of whose command the thing happened.

"You all remember when we came back from Gettysburg General Lee took up his position in Culpeper, with the Rappahannock on his front and the Rapidan in his rear. I think he wanted as much room between Richmond and himself as he could get, and to give the enemy as little room as possible between him and Washington. I also think General Lee wished to be allowed to winter in Culpeper, but the accession of General Grant to the command of the Federal forces caused him much uneasiness and made him very watchful. He seemed to think that General Grant would signalize his advent to the east by some unusual move, perhaps in a winter campaign, with the object of driving him (Lee) into Richmond. He was not at all surprised, therefore, when in December (although there was snow, and the Rapidan froze that night) the Union Army crossed the Rappahannock, advanced, and offered him battle.

"But with ranks terribly thinned at Gettysburg, General Lee was not willing to fight with the Rapidan behind him. Throwing forward a force to check the advance, he made his preparations to retire across the Rapidan. The line of battle was formed at Mine Run, and I think we faced Grant for two days. The fighting was confined to the artillery almost entirely during the period. Finding that Grant did not intend to attack, General Lee retired across the Rapidan. He was not pressed by the enemy, but was allowed to retire without molestation, and went into winter quarters in Orange County, with headquarters near Orange Court House.

"While the armies faced each other at Mine Run the incident occurred of which I have spoken. Of course there was appre-

hension. The pickets were cautioned to be vigilant, and the men slept on their arms. In front of Rodes the pickets were in squads of six men, four of them sleeping while two kept watch.

"In the dead of night the sleepers were awakened by the faint cry of 'Kill him! Stick him with your bayonets!' Springing up and straining their eyes, in the dim light of the moon on a cloudy night they saw a number of figures rushing about in the sedge-grass and using their bayonets with great vigor. With faculties benumbed by sleep and terrified by the appalling scene before them, they lost their self-possession, and firing their guns fled back to the main body, reporting that the enemy had advanced and were silently bayoneting our pickets. The alarm was given and was spread rapidly from Rode's Division right and left; the whole second corps was soon under arms. The officers were convinced that Grant's signalizing move was now about to culminate in a night attack on our left flank, and the men remained under arms the whole of the night determined to give him a warm reception. But in the morning the missing pickets, supposed to have been bayoneted, walked quietly back to the lines and explained that several squads had combined in an effort to catch an opossum, and that the terrible bayonet thrusts had all been aimed at his fat body as he dodged about among the sedge-grass.

"General Rodes said he was a little ashamed of the thing, but it was too good to keep, and would probably go down in history as the Opossum Battle at Mine Run."

We were all now ready for sleep, but the difficulty was, what should we do with our prisoner? He had refused to be paroled early in the evening; said he would take his chances,—“I may be recaptured, you know, in which case I should feel foolish if I had been paroled.” At last we agreed to take turns and watch him through the night. This arranged, we lay down and were soon asleep, leaving one man on guard. With feet to the fire, saddle blanket under your back, and your saddle for a pillow, the uninitiated do not know what comfort a soldier sometimes gets out of such conditions. I had the first hour's watch, but my sleep the remainder of the night was as

sweet and profound as any I have ever known on beds of down.

The loud boom of a heavy gun broke the stillness of the morning and summoned us from our slumber and our dreams, and we looked into each other's faces in the cold gray light of the breaking day. The fire had gone out and a cold mist was driving by on the morning breeze and leaving its chill on the half-awakened group.

But where was the prisoner? Gone! Yes, gone, and none of us ever heard of him again. That someone had slept on his post was very certain, but who it was was never determined among us. I don't think that any of us regretted it. He was a brave man, evidently a soldier, and a good fellow, and we were indebted to him for the main pleasure of the evening. Besides we had no time to think about him or discuss his escape.

The loud gun was Grant's signal for general attack on our lines. First came the rattling fire of our retreating pickets, followed by the rolling fire of the advancing enemy, and then the loud roar of more than a hundred thousand muskets proclaimed the opening of the great Battle of the Wilderness, and mounting our horses we were soon in the throes of that mighty conflict.

A. R. H. RANSON.

Catonsville, Maryland.

THE BATTLE OF NORTH POINT

Throughout the day and night of September 13th, 1814, a British fleet bombarded the coast defences of Baltimore, the most important of which was Fort McHenry. On the morning of September 14th, all hope of subduing the shore batteries was abandoned, and the defeated fleet dropped down the river.

Thanks to "The Star-Spangled Banner," no engagement in which the army took part during that dismal war is better remembered, and everyone knows that it was Major Armistead's gallant defence of Fort McHenry that saved Baltimore from the fate which Washington had suffered three weeks before. The silencing of the forts would, of course, have placed the city in the hands of the British ; but it must be remembered that Forts McHenry and Covington, the Lazaretto Battery, and the rest, were *coast defences*, intended only to repulse an attacking fleet,—as, in fact, they did,—but no more able to protect the city from a land attack than are the guns and mortars of Sandy Hook to prevent the entrance of an army into New York. Major Armistead and his artillery did their work well, but the repulse of the navy before the forts in no way prevented the taking of the city by an advance overland, if made with sufficient force. It was in just this way that Washington had been taken, for the fleet made no attempt to ascend the Potomac, and Fort Washington could have had no share in the fighting. Then, as now, protection on the landward side was the task of the mobile army.

As a matter of fact, the movement against Baltimore was made by land as well as by sea, and on the day before the bombardment of Fort McHenry, there was fought, some seven or eight miles east of the town, the little action known locally as the Battle of North Point. As at Bladensburg, General Ross's splendid little army drove the American militia from their position ; but, most unlike Bladensburg, the militia made a respectable fight first.

Let us trace this half-forgotten little campaign from its beginning. After their victory at Bladensburg and their incendiary exploits at Washington, General Ross and his army re-

turned on board the fleet, then lying in the Patuxent River. It was planned to direct the next attack against Baltimore, but for nearly two weeks no movement was made in that direction. On the contrary, a demonstration was made up the Potomac with a view to drawing troops away from the real point of attack. Finally, on September 9th the fleet left the Potomac, and set sail up the bay.

With the British army was a son of the Scotch Bishop of Brechin, George Robert Gleig by name, who had left Oxford at the age of sixteen to serve as a volunteer in the Peninsular War, and now accompanied the troops to America. Many years later he became chaplain-general of the forces. Gleig published, soon after the war, a volume of reminiscences of the campaigns of Washington, Baltimore, and New Orleans, in all of which he took part. It is a readable book, and full of interest, all the more so that it makes no pretence to being a history, but only a narrative of personal experiences and observations. The author, of course, views matters from the standpoint of a British partisan, but not a rabid one, and where his statements need correction it is more often due to lack of full information than to prejudice.

In moving up the bay, the ships kept close to the western shore, in full view of land, and Gleig gives us a vivid description of the panic that accompanied the progress of the fleet, as well it might.

Certain it is that the utmost consternation prevailed in every town or village opposite to which we made our appearance. In passing Annapolis, a considerable town built upon the bay, and possessing a tolerable harbour, we stood in so close as to discern the inhabitants flying from their houses; carts and wagons loaded with furniture, hurrying along the road, and horsemen galloping along the shore, as if watching the fearful moment when the boats should be hoisted out, and the troops quit the vessels. Wherever a light-house or signal station was erected, alarm-guns were fired, and beacons lighted. In a word, all the horrors of doubt and apprehension seemed to oppress the inhabitants of this devoted district.

On Sunday, September 11th, the fleet, some fifty sail, reached the entrance to the estuary of the Patapsco, and cast anchor off North Point.

Ten or twelve miles above North Point, where, at tidewater, the Patapsco broadens from an insignificant creek to a bay a mile wide, is the city of Baltimore, at that time (1814) a place of fifty thousand inhabitants. It had been founded in 1729 as an outlet for the trade of the Maryland and Pennsylvania settlements about the Susquehanna and the head of Chesapeake Bay. The country around had then been settled seventy years. As to the North Point peninsula, with which we are particular concerned, it was purchased in 1664 from the original grantees, by Captain Thomas Todd of Virginia, in whose family a large part still remains. The Todd house stands a mile and a half from the Point on the site of a former house which was burned by the British during this campaign. The Point itself is now occupied by Fort Howard, garrisoned by four companies of coast artillery.

Below Baltimore the Patapsco gradually broadens out until it reaches a width of three miles where it enters the bay. Dredging has given it a channel deep enough for large vessels, but in 1814 it could be entered only by comparatively small craft; the ships of the line were unable to go up for the attack on Fort McHenry, and even the frigates had to be lightened. A little to the north, the still shallower Back River enters the bay; the peninsula between the two estuaries, called the Patapsco River Neck, is in most places not more than two miles in width, and in some, much narrower. Numerous inlets, locally called creeks, are navigable for light-draft boats, and from 1683 on, the trade of this district had largely been carried on by means of small craft which plied up and down the creeks between the farms and the ocean-going vessels, which did not go up to Baltimore, but lay off North Point.

Here, then, the British fleet was anchored on September 11th. The plan of operations contemplated an advance up the Patapsco River Neck by a strong landing party, while such of the ships as could ascend the river were to force their way past the fortifications and so turn the flank of the American position. With

this naval attack, which resulted in the failure before Fort Mc-Henry, we have nothing to do.

The force available for land operations consisted of a strong body of sailors and marines drawn from the men-of-war, and four regiments from Wellington's army, released from service in the Peninsula by the collapse of Napoleon's empire. These regiments—the 4th, 21st, 44th, and 85th—now form one or more battalions of the Lancaster Regiment, the Scots Fusiliers, the Essex Regiment, and the Shropshire Light Infantry, respectively. They were under the command of Major-General Robert Ross,—“Ross of Bladensburg.”

The landing was begun at three o'clock in the morning of Monday, September 12th. The shallowness of the water kept the larger vessels two miles from shore, but as opposition to the landing was feared, several brigs ran in as close as possible, and were anchored fore and aft, with their broadsides bearing on the landing-place. As a further precaution, carronades were placed in the bows of the first boats that approached the shore. No enemy appeared, however, and by seven o'clock the entire force had been landed and was ready to take the road.

From North Point to Baltimore overland is only about fifteen miles, and it was intended to cover this distance in one day's march and to enter the city in the afternoon. Full packs were not carried, each man taking only his blanket, an extra shirt, and a pair of shoes. The weight thus saved was made up by the issue of extra ammunition; eighty pounds were carried on the person, or twenty above the normal allowance.

The column was headed by the light brigade, consisting of the 85th Foot, the light companies of the other regiments, and a small body of marines. The artillery—six field-pieces and two howitzers—followed. Then came the second brigade (4th and 44th regiments), the sailors, and the third brigade (21st regiment and marines). The entire expedition numbered about five thousand men.

The advance guard, consisting of several companies from the light brigade, was formed exactly as would be done at the present time, except that the short range of the weapons of those days allowed much smaller road distances than would be

possible now; the head of the main body seems to have been only about four hundred yards in rear of the point,—the small patrol that precedes the advance party. On each side of the advance guard was a line of men deployed in extended order, sweeping a front of nearly half a mile. These skirmishers, with detachments sent out by the main body, effectually protected the flanks of the column, which we may suppose to have stretched over about two miles of road.

No signs of the enemy were seen until the command had advanced some four miles. Here the road runs for a short distance close to the bank of Back River, while the head of Humphrey Creek, an arm of the Patapsco, is only half a mile away. It was an excellent place for the defence to make a stand, and a line of trenches, with a ditch in front, and an emplacement for a battery in the centre, had been commenced here, running clear across the peninsula. Time had been lacking to finish it, however, and the incomplete line was unoccupied. Here General Ross halted and sent out patrols to reconnoiter. No body of American troops was found, but three cavalry scouts, Baltimore volunteers, were captured. These stated the American force as twenty thousand, a wild exaggeration which did not deceive the British commander. After an hour's rest the column resumed the march.

Now let us see what was being done on the American side. It must be remembered that Chesapeake Bay had now been under blockade for a year and a half, so that Baltimore had had ample time to prepare for attack. The whole able-bodied population had long been enrolled in the militia, and had had more or less training. Some companies were uniformed and equipped; in others the men wore civilian clothes and were distinguished as soldiers only by the muskets they carried. There was a small force of regular troops in the city, and also a body of sailors from the navy; these, however, manned the forts and batteries on the river, so that the defence on the land side was left to the militia. The garrison was under the command of Senator Samuel Smith of Maryland, a veteran of the Revolution, and now a major-general of militia. In all there may have been fourteen or fifteen thousand troops of one sort or

another in the city, of which about ten thousand were available for the land defence.

A strong line of trenches had been constructed east of the city, starting on the river a mile or more above a line of hulks which blocked the channel, running north past the present site of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and then curving west to Broadway. Behind good earthworks the rawest of troops may be expected to make a creditable fight,—witness Bunker Hill and New Orleans;—from a frontal attack there was little to fear.

General Smith, however, was inclined to make if possible something more than a passive resistance. On the news of the appearance of the British fleet in the Patapsco, he sent forward one brigade, 3,200 strong, to get in touch with the enemy and hinder his advance. This brigade was composed of the 5th, 27th, 39th, and 51st regiments, and small bodies of riflemen, cavalry, and artillery. In these regiments were three companies of volunteers from Pennsylvania towns, and one from Hagerstown, Maryland; the rest were Baltimore troops. Six four-pounders accompanied the brigade, which was commanded by General Stricker, another veteran of the Revolution. A battery of twelve-inch rifles at Fort Howard now bears his name.

At eight o'clock on the evening of the eleventh, General Stricker went into camp seven miles from Baltimore, at the head of a large inlet of the Patapsco called Bear Creak. Two roads leading out from Baltimore met at this place and from here to North Point there was but one road, which must be followed by the enemy's column. The cavalry was pushed forward about three miles, to the Gorsuch farm, near the unfinished line of works before mentioned. Three troopers, as we have seen, were picked up by the British patrols next morning. A mile in rear of the cavalry, on the edge of a thick wood, were placed the riflemen. General Stricker intended them to annoy the flank of the British as they advanced, but they took alarm next morning at a rumor that troops were landing behind them on Back River, and hurried back to the main body without waiting for the enemy to come in sight.

The British advance guard, moving forward after the halt at the Gorsuch farm, had proceeded only a mile when they became

engaged with a reconnoitering party sent out by General Stricker,—three or four hundred men, with one four-pounder. General Ross hurried forward to view the situation for himself, and had hardly reached the firing-line when he was struck and mortally wounded. The place where he fell is marked by a small monument erected in 1816 by a company of Baltimore infantry which took part in this preliminary skirmish.

On the fall of General Ross, the command devolved upon Colonel Brook of the 44th, who hastened forward at once from his place with the second brigade. Under his direction the advance was cautiously continued until he sighted the American position. General Stricker's brigade was astride the road, his right, the 5th regiment, resting on Bear Creek. His guns were planted alongside the road, and the 27th regiment extended the line to the left. The 39th and the 51st were held three hundred yards in rear. The 6th, with a small part of the 5th, constituted a general reserve a mile up the road. The position was unfortified, but was generally wooded, and some fences of the Bouldin farm served as obstacles. The farmhouse and outbuildings stood in front of the center of the line, but were not occupied by troops.

Upon the appearance of the British, Stricker's artillery opened a heavy fire. The British guns replied, not only with shrapnel, but also with rockets, which quickly set fire to a haystack. The flames spread to the farmhouse and outbuildings, and they were soon all ablaze.

Holding the 21st regiment in column on the road, Brook sent the 4th to turn the left of the American line, while the light brigade was deployed in extended order for an attack in front, with the 44th, the sailors, and the marines, in support. Stricker at once extended his line by placing the 39th alongside the 27th, and putting the 51st on high ground at the left, almost at right angles to the general front; here they could command all practicable ground as far as Back River. This movement had to be executed under the fire of the British artillery, and was accordingly done in such a confused manner that Colonel Brook hesitated in sheer perplexity as to what all this wild hurrying to and fro might mean.

As soon as his toops were in position, Brook ordered the attack, which was quickly pushed home under a heavy fire from three of the American regiments. The 51st, however, broke after firing a few wild shots. The panic spread to the nearest companies of the 39th, and some eight hundred of the Americans took to their heels up the road, leaving the left flank in the air. Obviously the only thing for Stricker to do was to fall back in as good order as possible; indeed, nothing more than a delaying action was contemplated in the first place. Accordingly, orders were given to withdraw the guns, the infantry to follow.

To execute such a movement in an orderly manner would have been difficult with the best of troops; with unseasoned men it was impossible. Before the withdrawal could be fairly begun, the rapid advance of the light brigade had brought it near enough for the charge. The Americans had a wholesome respect for that unfamiliar weapon, the bayonet, and they promptly abandoned their position, leaving two field pieces to fall into the hands of the enemy. The retreat was so sudden that a number of riflemen who had posted themselves in trees, were unable to get down and escape. To these no quarter was given, the British soldiers regarding their conduct as "unfair."

After all, the American retreat was less disastrous than might have been expected. No serious pursuit was made, for the 4th regiment was hampered by a marsh and could not get on the road without considerable delay. Then, too, Brook believed that a large force was not far in front of him, and was disposed to take no chances. All along, indeed, he was inclined to exaggerate both his obstacles and his successes. He estimated the brigade he had just defeated at 6,000 men, and was confident that its loss had been five or six hundred in killed and wounded. As a matter of fact Stricker had had only about 2,400 men in line, including those that had run away without fighting; his loss had been 24 killed, 139 wounded, and 50 captured,—213 in all. The British loss was about 300.

It was now well on in the afternoon. There was no more hope of entering the city that day, as had been planned, and Brook pitched camp without attempting to advance farther. Hitherto the weather had been fair, but at midnight a heavy rain

began to fall. At dawn the army broke camp. Confident of taking the city before noon, and desirous of getting the job over with as little discomfort as possible, Brook directed that all packs be left behind, under guard, so that the men might push forward unencumbered. The advance was slow. Stricker had not been idle in his retreat, but had felled trees across the road and constructed abatis, so that the march was badly hampered.

However, only five miles had to be covered before the main position of the Americans, previously described, came in view. Clearly this was no place to attack rashly. All day the army waited, two miles from the American works, while Brook studied the situation. Reconnoissance showed that the place was not to be taken by assault. It would be necessary to wait until the navy, which was cannonading furiously all day, should force its way past the shore batteries and get in rear of the American right flank. Night came on, and the soldiers, minus their packs, made themselves as comfortable as they could in the rain, while Brook anxiously sought to get in communication with the fleet. This was at last accomplished, and the navy reported that the passage could not be forced. Nothing remained but to get back on board as soon as possible. At three o'clock in the morning of the fourteenth the retreat was begun, the rain opportunely stopping, and the moon coming out. Little attempt at pursuit was made, and that little was checked at the incomplete fieldwork near the Gorsuch house, under whose shelter the British camped for the night. The next day the troops were reëmbarked.

No further military operations were undertaken on Chesapeake Bay. Not long after, the British troops were withdrawn to Jamaica, where the expedition against New Orleans was being prepared.

Throughout the United States the news of the successful defence of Baltimore was received with the greatest rejoicing, all the more that it came so soon after our disgrace at Washington. Under the circumstances, perhaps, a little exaggeration of the occasion may be pardoned. In the last analysis, of course, the facts are that warships had been unable to reduce coast defences, as they have usually been through the whole course of

history, and that five thousand troops could not successfully assault strong fieldworks held by double their force. This is not meant to disparage the courageous defence of the forts, or the sharp little battle of General Stricker's militia, who, except in the case of one regiment, behaved as well as could be asked of raw troops fighting in the open. With such odds as there were against the British, however, their repulse was, or should have been, a foregone conclusion. It was only the contempt of the American military system which the fight at Bladensburg had very properly inspired in them, that led General Ross and Admiral Cockburn to hope for success in the movement against Baltimore.

But hope they did, and the movement was made. And we for the occasion stood up and fought, and did what we set out to do. It happened rarely enough in that politicians' war. We had one or two chances in those three years to feel honest pride; it is well to make the most of them.

THOMAS MARSHALL SPAULDING.

Fort Howard, Maryland.

TOLSTOY'S ART

Someone has said recently, in effect, "Let the Russians alone for detail. That is their peculiar province wherein writers of no other nation can hope to emulate them." The critic was speaking, I imagine, of the genius Russian writers possess (Tolstoy at their head) of depicting character through external signs and circumstance. Their book-people look so and so and do this and that in a way so inevitably their own that their individuality becomes definite and complete. "Fix your attention on a cab horse," says, in substance, Flaubert to Maupassant, "until he become absolutely differentiated from fifty other cab horses in the line." Whether or no Tolstoy wrought from this theory, at any rate he practised it so amazingly that neither cab horses nor men escaped him. And this, of course, is a phase of his art — not the highest phase, but one with which we are always confronted when we read him.

Examples crowd upon one. I think of the pitiful Karenin cracking his knuckles; of the little lady with the short upper lip and questioning eyes. The shortness of her lip revealed her teeth. She died with her lip drawn up, her eyes pleading questioningly.

Or take this of a man about to freeze to death: "But as he did this, he perceived a movement in the sledge, and Nikita's head rose out of the snow that was about it. With obvious great difficulty, the peasant rose and sat up; and in a strange fashion, *as though he were driving away flies*, waved his hand before his face, saying something which Vasili Andréich interpreted as a call to himself."

That passage has to me the firm descriptive touch of Dante. Or take a paragraph written many years earlier, a precursor in the matter of flies:—

"On the 12th of August, 18—, the third day after my birthday, when I had attained the age of ten and had received such wonderful presents, Karl Ivánitch woke me at seven o'clock in the morning by striking at a fly directly over my head, with a flapper made of sugar paper and fastened to a stick. He did it

so awkwardly that he entangled the image of my angel, which hung upon the oaken headboard of my bed; and the dead fly fell straight upon my face. I thrust my nose out from under the coverlet, stopped the image which was still rocking, with my hand flung the dead fly on the floor, and regarded Karl Ivánitch with angry though sleepy eyes. But attired in his motley wadded dressing gown, girded with a belt of the same material, a red knitted skull cap with a tassel and soft goat-skin shoes, he pursued his course along the walls, taking aim and flapping away."

My final excerpt on this point will be from the third chapter of his last great novel:—

"Prince Dimitri Ivánovitch Neklúdoﬀ was still lying on his high bedstead, in a fine, clean, well-ironed linen nightshirt, smoking a cigarette, and considering what he had to do to-day and what had happened yesterday.

"Recalling the evening he had spent with the Korchágin, a wealthy and aristocratic family whose daughter everyone expected he would marry, he sighed, and throwing away the end of the cigarette, was going to take another out of the silver case; but, changing his mind, he resolutely raised his solid frame, and putting down his smooth white legs, stepped into his slippers, threw his silk dressing gown over his broad shoulders and passed into his dressing room, walking briskly and quickly. He there carefully cleaned his teeth, many of which were stopped, with tooth powder, and rinsed his mouth with scented elixir. After that he washed his hands with perfumed soap, cleaned his long nails with particular care, then from a tap fixed to his marble washstand, he let a spray of cold water run over his face and stout neck. Having refreshed his full, white, muscular body and dried it with a rough bath sheet, he put on his fine undergarments and his boots and sat down before the glass to brush his black beard and his curly hair, which had begun to get thin above the forehead. Everything he used, everything belonging to his toilet, his linen, his clothes, boots, necktie, pin, studs—everything was of the best quality, very quiet, simple, durable and costly."

In this richness of effective detail Tolstoy makes Balzac seem

thin, and Dickens take refuge in the grotesque. When it permeates a whole book, as it does *War and Peace*, the call upon the memory and the imagination takes on something of the superhuman. *Les Misérables* covers a large field, yet the living characters who act in that field do not compare in number with those who live and act in *War and Peace*. Tolstoy is a Russian, and through some inexplicable gift Russians are able to characterize beyond the ken of another nation. Not that Tolstoy does not overdo it; he overdoes everything. Yet when Western Europe was about considering herself as having reached the top rung of selection in detail, the Russians came along and made revelations which leave the whole subject still open.

But this is by no means the highest aspiration of art. A rather higher phase is suggested by one of Tolstoy's own remarks:—

"If one does not love his personages, even the least of them, then he must insult them in a way to make the heavens fall, or he must mock them until he splits his sides."

An Olympian calm, like that of Goethe, Tolstoy despised; the attitude of Turgénev he criticised as melancholy and dyspeptic. Perhaps the point that Tolstoy presses I can indicate more clearly by starting in with his effect and that of Turgénev on Mr. Howells.

"In those years at Cambridge," Mr. Howells says, "my most notable literary experience without doubt was the knowledge of Turgénev's novels, which began to be recognized in all their greatness about the middle seventies. I think they made their way with such of our public as were able to appreciate them before they were accepted in England; but that does not matter. It is enough for the present purpose that *Smoke*, and *Liza*, and *On the Eve*, and *Dimitri Roudine*, and *Spring Floods*, passed one after another through my hands and that I formed for their author one of the profoundest literary passions of my life. I now think that there is a finer and truer method than his, but in its way Turgénev's method is as far as art can go. That is to say, his fiction is to the last degree dramatic. The persons are sparsely described and briefly accounted for, and then they are left to transact their affair, whatever it is, with

the least possible comment or explanation from the author. The effects flow naturally from the characters, and when they have done and said a thing you conjecture why as unerringly as you would if they were people whom you know outside of a book. I have already conceived the possibility of this from Björnson, who practises the same method, but I was still too sunken in the gross darkness of English fiction to rise to a full consciousness of its excellence. When I remembered the deliberate and impertinent moralizing of Thackeray, the clumsy exegesis of George Eliot, the knowing winks and nods of Charles Reade, the stage carpentering and lime-lighting of Dickens, even the fine and important analysis of Hawthorne, it was with a joyful astonishment that I realized the great art of Turgénev."

And so Mr. Howells goes on for several pages of discriminating analysis of the Russian's art. Some years later, he came across Tolstoy — and makes this comment:—

"I thought the last word in literary art had been said to me by the novels of Turgénev, but it seemed like the first, merely, when I began to acquaint myself with the simpler method of Tolstoy. I came to it by accident and without any manner of preoccupation in the *Cossacks*, one of his early books, which had been on my shelves unread for five or six years. I did not know even Tolstoy's name when I opened it, and it was with a kind of amaze that I read it, and felt word by word and line by line the truth of the new art in it.

"I do not know how it is that the great Russians have the secret of simplicity. Some say it is because they have not a long literary past and are not conventionalized by the usage of many generations of other writers; but this will hardly account for the brotherly directness of their dealing with human nature; the absence of experience elsewhere characterizes the artist with crudeness, and simplicity is the last effect of knowledge. Tolstoy is, of course, the first of them in this supreme grace. He has not only Turgénev's transparency of style, unclouded by any mist of the personality which we mistakenly value in style and which ought no more to be there than the artist's personality should be in a portrait; but he has a method which not only

seems without artifice, but is so. I can get at the manner of most writers, and tell what it is, but I should be baffled to tell what Tolstoy's manner is; perhaps he has no manner. This appears to me true of his novels which, with their vast variety of character and incident, are alike in their single endeavor to get the persons living before you, both in their action and in the peculiarly dramatic interpretation of their emotion and cogitation. There are plenty of novelists to tell you that their characters felt and thought so and so, but you have to take it on trust. Tolstoy alone makes you know how and why it was so with them and not otherwise. If there is anything in him which can be copied or burlesqued, it is this ability of his to show men inwardly as well as outwardly; it is the only trait of his which I can put my hand on."

Mr. Howells proceeds to particularize still further, but I shall leave him here.

I do not know of an attempted analysis of Tolstoy's style. I imagine, indeed, that an analysis could not be easily made; it would be rigorously elusive. Tolstoy had no method; he told how and what he saw and felt, and he himself was such a stupendous personality and was withal so profoundly sincere that these records of his became forthwith literature. He does not wait on climax. In *Anna Karenina*, for instance, there is a reconciliation; Karenin forgives and Vronsky is to shoot himself. But no; Vronsky does not shoot himself, and the story searches another ending. No other than Tolstoy would have let a dénouement like that slip through his hands. But Tolstoy's imaginative experience is vast. He goes into his books as if patient Nature herself were brooding over them.

Tolstoy loved and hated with a boundless humanity; there was no middle ground. He loved and hated his characters. Of course they live; they step right out of his books and walk up and down the streets of Moscow and along the country by-ways like all men lovable and hateful. One day Turgénev and Prince Kropatkin, the Nihilist, were riding down the Champs Élysées together, and the prince was saying, "But, Turgénev, you did not love Bazárov," and Turgénev was protesting that he did, protesting to the Nihilist in vain. No one would ever have had

to ask Tolstoy that question — no more than one would dream of asking whether or no Shakespeare hated Iago.

And that is the point Tolstoy is constantly touching upon in his works on art. Insinuation, in the long run, he implies, will not work. The artist must take sides for good or for ill. He is human and therefore as a human being he is bound to reveal his bias. If he stands aloof, his work is not artistically sharp; if he plunges, as he should, then we know what manner of man he is. And because so many bad men of artistic nature refuse the plunge and insinuate the good, Tolstoy has a mighty quarrel toward with the bulk of modern artists. He himself, as we know, was an heroically good man; he was furthermore a wonderful imaginative revealer; such a revealer being, in his language, an artist, his works therefore are superlatively fine art.

I hope Tolstoy's words that one must either love or hate his characters have not left us confused. Of course, artistically, an author loves all his characters; that is, he spares no pains to make them real, to be absolutely fair to them, to reveal them, as it were, without prejudice. Prince Kropatkin thought that Turgénev was prejudiced against Bazárof, and Turgénev was contending that his presentation was perfectly dramatic—he had lost himself in the character.

Tolstoy would hardly have quarrelled with Turgénev on this ground. He would have gone back to his original premise. Of Turgénev he did not wholly approve; he disagreed with his attitude toward life, his indifference, he would have called it, his lack of personal accounting either to himself or to his neighbors. Such a man looks at the world asquint. There is a perversion in his view of things; the light does not get a straight path to a squinting eye. More definitely, he did not always know which way Turgénev's books tended — and one ought to know. In his own presentation of the beautiful Anna Karenina, for instance, or of the dashing lover Vronsky, or of the impotent husband, we have no doubt where their creator stands in relation to right and wrong. I am saying this in face of the fact that Tolstoy rejected this novel, for I think it is perfectly evident on which side of life the book is cast.

So much, then, for Tolstoy's dictum that you must throw

yourself at your characters with love or with hatred; you must take the risk, for art is a self-revelation. If you are an evil man, your art will be perverted; if you screen yourself, your art will be feeble. I have been interpreting Tolstoy's theory a bit in the logic of his own tracts, *What Shall We Do?* and *What is Art?*—a reading of these books being, I take it, a memorable adventure in the life of anyone interested in the vital world of the imagination.

What I shall say further will be by way, in some part, of stricture. I find that I am comfortable when I have rid myself of gall as well as of honey.

To begin with — there are times when Tolstoy misses his art grossly, and this is often after he has accomplished some of his most wonderful effects. Nearly all readers will recall the dreary pages in *War and Peace* and in *Anna Karenina* which Tolstoy devotes to certain pet theories of his — theories on war, theories on agriculture. Now, philosophy may be the man's part, but it is never the artist's part. Both of these books are built about large ideas — all of his books are — but these ideas should throughout be directed to the imagination and not to the reason. Tolstoy's nature was impetuous, heedless, headlong; he was never quite sure of getting himself under control; he was forever breaking the apron strings of that exacting lady, Mistress Art. Howells speaks of the transparency of his style; in many of these passages of philosophy, his style becomes fairly turgid. Of course, we must take the master as we find him; we have to bear in mind the range of his emotional nature. But I do not think we are of necessity obliged to call these outbursts of his good art.

Tolstoy had a far vision, but his mind was sprawling; he was a prophet, not a philosopher. His reasoned works contain a body of inspiring doctrine, but they are all of them very prolix and are destined, I fear, to lie unread. People may still keep alive *My Confession* and *What Shall We Do?* for their narrative interest, but *My Religion* and *The Kingdom of God is Within You* are so full of repetitions and a thrumming away on the same strings that I can see little life in them. I like to read Tolstoy's creeds; they seem to stand for such a tumult and depth of ex-

perience. But when he begins to elaborate over and over again his cherished doctrines, I cast my sympathy on the side of his wife. I am thankful that *What is Art?* is not so very long; yet even this could have been pronounced in half the time. Tolstoy's prolixity goes through nearly all his larger works, and is, of course, if a shortcoming at all, a shortcoming artistically. Art demands form and restraint; in much of Tolstoy's writing there is neither the one quality nor the other. Turgénev is immensely his superior here.

Some of Tolstoy's pronouncements are scandalous. They are the result, as Roland puts it, of his enthusiasm, which left him no time to reflect, of his passion which often blinded him to the weakness of his reasons, and—let us say it—they are the result also of his incomplete artistic culture. The whole of his critical portion is warfare. He brings to his work of destruction the joy of a child breaking his toys. "When was he able to study painting, this country gentleman who had passed three fourths of his life in his Muscovite village, and who had not visited Europe since 1860? He speaks of paintings from hearsay, citing pell-mell among the decadents such painters as Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, Monet, Böcklin, Stuck, and Klinger; confidently admiring Jules Breton and Lhermitte on account of their excellent sentiments; despising Michael Angelo, and among the masters of the soul never once mentioning Rembrandt." Tolstoy, indeed, inveighed against all conscious art, whether the one denounced happened to be Ibsen or Beethoven or Shakespeare. These men and their like were perhaps not tempered with the austere spirit of brotherly love.

His chapters on Wagner in *What is Art?* are so full of humor that it is almost a pity they are not true. His attitude toward music, moreover, deserves special mention. From all accounts, he was extremely fond of it, especially of the classic masters. He would often sit down to the piano before beginning his work, probably because he found inspiration in so doing. His brother-in-law speaks of his accompanying his youngest sister whom he loved. "I have noticed," this relative reports, "that the sensations which the music evoked in him were accompanied by a

slight pallor and an imperceptible grimace, which seemed expressive of fear."

Did Tolstoy really fear music? Evidently. He spoke of it once as a profligate amusement, an incentive to depravity, and on one occasion while he was playing Chopin, at the end of the fourth ballade, his eyes filled with tears. "Ah, the animal!" he cried, and suddenly he rose and went out.

The *Kreutzer Sonata* is steeped in this fear. It seems to be in part the expression of a rabid hatred of a piece which means little or nothing to the ordinary man. I think his labored sequel to this story is told in vain. There is no sequel nor explanation of it except that it is the ferocious utterance of a man who pays Beethoven the compliment of refusing to have his spirit enthralled. If this be true, I think we are catching another glimpse of a violently passionate nature, not to be judged by the standard of the throng.

The love of the theatre came to Tolstoy somewhat late in life, and in most of his dramatic essays he was rather awkward. Probably the mechanics of it, the seeming necessity of exaggerating character, the restraint of condensation and the artificiality of plotting bothered him. Tolstoy never mastered the short story. His art demanded simplicity, often amplitude and always unqualified sincerity. In one play, however, *The Power of Darkness*, he was true both to himself and to the requirements of the stage. It is a terrible drama of sin and expiation, proceeding from the one to the other with a mastery which can be observed but not analyzed.

Tolstoy was at his best, I think, in characterizing the class to which he was born—that of the landed proprietor. His first books more often than not dealt with this class, either on their estates or in the army or in official life in Moscow. The great novels of his maturity cover this class. The moment Tolstoy introduces a person of this sort to you, you are certain to be spellbound.

Late in life he studied the criminal, and here I think he is weakest. *Resurrection*, with all its fine purpose, its pity, and epic breadth, still savors of the note-book. As I read this story I constantly felt that Tolstoy had become a great author driv-

ing us to listen to his thesis; he was no longer a breath of nature, nor the spokesman of a race or of a century. The hero of *Resurrection* is, to be sure, a landed proprietor; finer pages are scarcely imaginable than the account of his early life or until he as a juror was to decide upon the case of the girl whom he had wronged. Thereafter the book loses its sharpness in characterization; it becomes a poem of compassion but no longer a mirror of life.

The peasant world Tolstoy got to know almost as well as he knew that of the landed proprietor, and for this there are sufficient reasons. The peasants are always on the outskirts of an estate; the village is a short way off; the service about the house is made up of peasantry. Tolstoy as a boy knew many of them intimately; they fascinated him. Later in life he came to admire them beyond any other class; he liked their simple-heartedness, their loyalties, their deep religious instincts; and he liked them for their patient endurance of sorrow.

When at the age of fifty he was ready to abandon his career as artist, he still kept on writing peasant stories — parables, many of them, variants on the theme of renunciation and pardon. These are charming little apologues, as fine a collection probably as has ever been penned. They are doubtless doing their work. Yet Tolstoy is not at his greatest in parables. The style of Joseph and his brethren, fine as it is, is hardly an adequate instrument for the gamut of Tolstoy. Besides, the *Death of Ivan Ilyitch* and *Master and Man* are greatly superior to any of his parables, and the truth in them is to me far more compelling. We do not care especially for didactic stories; there is no reason why we should. When the owl of Minerva is on the wing, the other birds crouch and cower.

Ivan Ilyitch, full of an infinite pity for himself weeps over his loneliness and the egoism of men, he suffers horribly, until the day on which he perceives that his past life has been a lie and that he can repair that lie. Immediately all becomes clear—an hour before his death. He no longer thinks of himself; he thinks of his family; he pities them; he *must* die and rid them of himself.

“‘Where are you, Pain?’ he says. ‘Here.’ ‘Well, you have

only to persist,—and Death, where is Death?' He did not find it. In place of Death he saw a ray of light. 'It is over,' said some one. He heard these words and repeated them to himself. 'Death no longer exists,' he told himself."

In *Master and Man*, the master is lying on the body of his servant to warm it and bring it to life. It is his one generous act, and his last act.

"He wakes! but wakes in quite another state than when he fell asleep. He wants to rise, and cannot; to move his arm, and cannot—his leg, and cannot do even so much. He is surprised but not at all disturbed by this. He divines that this is death, and is not at all disturbed even by that, and he remembers that Nikita is lying under him and that he has got warm and is alive. And it seems to him that his life is not in himself, but in Nikita. He makes an effort to listen, and hears the breathing, even the slight snoring of his servant. 'He is alive and therefore I also am alive,' he says to himself triumphantly. And something quite new, such as he had never known in all his life, is stealing down upon him."

Parables do not contain scenes like these; these spring from a more subtle and loftier art. Or shall I say they are the work of a great preacher and great artist finally blended. Perhaps that is best, and I think when we say that, we are paying Tolstoy the tribute which in the heart of him he would most have craved.

The purely æsthetic attitude toward life implies acceptance,—a welcome of things as they are; the æsthetic thrill is forever disinterested. But the man who is detached cannot act; his very detachment inhibits action. Tolstoy spurns such a man. He does not welcome things as they are; he demands a change. Life to him is not a spectacle; it is a very serious matter. And the most serious things in it are, first, to render an account of oneself, and then to save the world. And so Tolstoy passed from artist to preacher, and yet in passing he never quite renounced his first love. A great artist cannot. But after he had finished *Anna Karenina*, he never again allowed art to absorb his life. He used it rather as a recreation—a vehicle to put into imaginative form his great truth of brotherly love. Though

he never wrote a second book so masterly as *War and Peace*, yet I think he may be said to have renewed his art, for he found new matter and a new method. Possibly the world just now is more interested in the man than in the artist; possibly it always will be. Yet Tolstoy, great as he was as a man, is indelibly stamped, every phase of him, in his imaginative writings. This is a legacy as precious as it is astonishing.

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JOSEPH RITSON: A ROMANTIC ANTIQUARIAN

The historians of Romanticism have done scant justice to its antiquarian interests. And yet these constituted a natural part of the romantic programme. Since the Romantic period was in its own way an Age of Reason, we must postulate a romantic intellect as well as a romantic imagination. Of course the liberated mind of Romanticism was not singly devoted to militant criticism of institutional Christianity and organized society. Nor did the keen air of the new life stimulate merely large constructive efforts, such as went to the making of Hegel's encyclopædic achievement. In Germany, notably, this age produced the philologist as well as the philosopher. And so it is at every new birth of the spirit. Bacon as well as Shakespeare belongs to those spacious times of Elizabeth; and in the dawn of the great Renaissance scholars and scholar-poets are observed deciphering the records of Greek and Roman thought. In the time of that later birth which we call Romanticism, the Germanic past received similar if not such absorbing attention.

In Great Britain the antiquarian spirit was abroad to an extent not yet adequately recognized. The antiquarian societies of England, Scotland, and Ireland were actively engaged in studying the topographical and architectural antiquities of their respective countries. Men like Pinkerton gave much attention to the early history of the Germanic and Celtic peoples as recorded in historical and literary monuments. Richard Gough wrote a well-known treatise on sepulchral monuments, and there were innumerable books on the subject of numismatics. The ballad craze, we should remember, was only one phase of a widespread interest in antiquities. So strong, indeed, was the antiquarian spirit that it took firm hold of the dilettante and the virtuoso, as in the case of Walpole and Beckford; and it fired the great imaginative and creative minds of Gray and Scott. Godwin, too, was an antiquarian in his way. Since, then, the connection is so close between imaginative literature and antiquarian research, the latter deserves very careful consideration.

The great Johnson himself overlooked, of course, neither

antiquities nor antiquarians. Although he defined a mere antiquarian as "a rugged being," we find him in 1779 writing to Boswell in the following strain: "If you would, in compliance with your father's advice, enquire into the old tenures and old charters of Scotland, you would certainly open to yourself many striking scenes of the manners of the middle ages. The feudal system in a country half-barbarous is naturally productive of great anomalies in civil life. The knowledge of past times is naturally growing less in all cases not of public record; and the past time of Scotland is so unlike the present, that it is already difficult for a Scotchman to imagine the economy of his grandfather. Do not be tardy or negligent; but gather up eagerly what can yet be found." But long before the time of his letter Johnson ridiculed the whole brotherhood of antiquaries in his account of that famous club which consisted of Hirsutus, who when serious quoted *Trevisa*, when merry the *Ship of Fools*; Ferratus, who was collecting halfpennies; Chartophylax, who spent seven years perfecting a series of Gazettes; and Cantilenus, who "turned all his thoughts upon old ballads, for he considered them as the genuine records of the national taste. He offered to show me a copy of *The Children of the Wood*, which he firmly believed to be of the first edition, and by the help of which, the text might be freed from several corruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to such favors from him."

In England, as is to be expected, the interest in the past produced the literalist more often than the philosopher. "In England," writes Professor Herford, "excessive preoccupation with ideas has always been a less pressing danger than a too concrete concern with facts." When Warton attempted a history of English poetry the result was conspicuous for its lack of coherence and centralization; although the book is to this day a valuable thesaurus. Among the ardent English literalists who devoted themselves to their country's past, one of the most interesting is Joseph Ritson. His literalism amounted to a fanatic, an almost apostolic, zeal to keep the ancient record straight. His was not the cold temper that the philosophical Godwin lamented in antiquarians. As a result, though his romantic zeal for the letter and his angry championship of truth

sometimes led him astray, the permanent value of his unremitting campaign against elegant imposture and amiable inaccuracy is hard to overestimate. If it is true—according to a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—that there was at this time “a prevailing maxim that no author is to be told of his faults plainly, but we must use a kind of polite literary periphrasis,” an exception to the rule was furnished by Ritson's sharp decision of manner.

The mere text of Ritson's life is brief, but it suggests an interesting commentary. It tells the old story of a misalliance with the law and the all too familiar narrative of ambition restricted by poverty and eccentricity darkening into insanity. Always without a competence, he lost near the close of his life most of his little property. That he was a rabid vegetarian we know from many of his letters and a half-mad pamphlet; and that he was one of those whom De Quincey calls orthographical mutineers, several of his disfigured works testify. In the course of his life he was both Jacobite and Revolutionist, coming to address his friends as “citizens” and to employ the revolutionary calendar. But these were his hobbies. As we have said, his real business was with manuscript and black-letter records.

His transcriptions of these were brought together in several important collections, which answered to no strict classification, ballads and songs and merry tales appearing in the same volume. Nor did he restrict his editorial labors to popular poetry, as we may see in his *English Songs* and his *English Anthology*. But whether he was making one of the many garlands to be incorporated in 1810 in *The Northern Garlands*, or editing Robin Hood ballads and old romances, his work was characterized by an admirable fidelity to recorded sources. “Every poem is printed from the authority referred to,” he writes in the Preface to his *Ancient Popular Poetry*, “with no other intentional license than was occasioned by the desire of contraction, and a regular systematical punctuation, or became necessary by the errors of the original, which are generally, if not uniformly, noticed in the margin, the emendation being at the same time distinguished in the text.” And, again, in the Advertisement to the *Ancient Songs and Ballads*: “But, in whatever light they

may exhibit the lyric powers of our ancient Bards, they will at least have the recommendation of evident and indisputable authenticity: the sources from which they have been derived will be faithfully referred to, and are, in general, public and accessible." In the Preface to his *English Songs* Ritson takes Dr. Arne and Mr. Jackson of Exeter to task for the unwarrantable liberty they assumed in setting English poems to tunes. We might quote further from the articles of his editorial faith; but, when we add that his practice squared with his theory, we have said enough to show that Ritson was the father of all scholarly editors of early English texts.

In the matter of textual criticism Ritson, as has been indicated, sometimes carried the war into the enemy's country. This is notoriously true in the case of his criticism of Percy's *Reliques*. Although he here made the mistake of calling in question the authenticity of the celebrated manuscript, he repeatedly confessed his error after he had been convinced of it. He was never, however, to be persuaded that Percy had not taken liberties with his original copy, of which the Preface to the *Reliques* gave only the most equivocal indication. "The learned and ingenious Bishop Percy," he writes in 1783 in the Preface to the *English Songs*, "has, indeed, published a work, in which a considerable number of songs and ballads, that have never otherwise appeared, are ascribed to a very remote antiquity; an antiquity altogether incompatible with the stile and language of the compositions themselves, most of which one may be allowed to say, bear the strongest intrinsic marks of a *very* modern date. But the genuineness of these pieces cannot be properly investigated or determined without an inspection of the original manuscript, from which they are said to be extracted." Irritated no doubt by the Bishop's air of mystery and wishing to bring him into the open, Ritson four years later poured upon him the canister of his wrath in the first edition of the *Ancient Songs*. But two years after this, in reply to a protest from James Cooper Walker, he writes: "As a publication of uncommon elegance and poetical merit I have always been and still am, a warm admirer of Bishop Percy's *Reliques*, and though I have been persuaded that he has not on every occasion been so scrupulously

attentive to his original, as I think the work required, I shall be very glad to find the idea unfounded, and readily confess that what you have been so obliging as to tell me about the folio MS. has in a great measure removed my prejudice on that head. The limits of a letter will not permit me to enter fully into the discussion of a question upon which I believe a good deal may be said. In the course of some prefatory matter to a book which ought to have come out two or three years ago, but which I hope to receive and have the pleasure of transmitting to you in a short time you will perceive the grounds upon which I have ventured to doubt the authenticity or at least the fidelity of this celebrated publication." On the first of January, 1790, continuing the subject in a letter to the same correspondent, Ritson writes: "I cannot say that my prejudices against Bishop Percy's celebrated publication, which I on many accounts very much admire, are entirely removed. The information you have so obligingly communicated has certainly done a good deal; it has established the existence of the famous folio MS., of which, begging his Lordship's pardon, I had presumed to doubt. The circumstances mentioned by the Bishop, of his being at so considerable a distance from the press is indisputably a sufficient excuse for even more than the mere errors of impression. But you will perceive the justice of confining this excuse to the first edition." In the second edition of the *English Songs*, published posthumously, Ritson declared emphatically: "The existence of this MS., if ever questioned, is now placed beyond the possibility of a doubt." In the meanwhile he had defended himself against Walker, who had written angrily to him on seeing a passage in the Preface to the first edition of the *Ancient Songs* expressing a doubt of the existence of the MS. "The words of my Preface," says Ritson, "are:—'This MS. no other writer (not person) pretends to have seen.' Now it would be impossible, or at least absurd, to accept any *but* a writer, i.e. one whose testimony had appeared in print. But it is not the mere existence of the MS. that I dispute; of that I have long had satisfactory assurance. Whether it will, on a careful examination, justify the use Bishop Percy has or pretends to have made of it is a perfectly distinct question." Finally, in the

dissertation prefixed to the *Ancient English Metrical Romances*, he declares that "the existence and authenticity of this famous MS. in its present mutilated and miserable condition is no longer to be denied or disputed";—continuing with fine divination,—“at the same time it is a certain and positive fact, that, in the elegant and refined work it gave occasion to, there is scarcely one single poem, song, or ballad, fairly or honestly printed, either from the above fragment or other alleged authorities, from the beginning to the end; many pieces, also, being inserted as ancient and authentic, which there is every reason to believe never existed before its publication.”

I have quoted at some length from Ritson's prefaces and correspondence in order to make perfectly clear the lines followed by his criticism. The evidence is, in the main, highly creditable to Ritson's acumen and spirit; it shows that he was right in all essentials and that Scott, whose defence of Percy is inadequate in the light of the published folio MS., justly praised Ritson for his candor. In striking contrast to the latter's clean and spirited criticism, is Percy's ambiguity and indirection. This infirmity of the Bishop appears not only in the Preface to the *Reliques* but in the Walker-Percy correspondence. Instead of simply setting Ritson right, Percy commissions Walker to call him off. He sends Walker a letter, which the latter transmits to Ritson above his own name and virtually unchanged. Then out of a suspicious nature, which always breeds suspicion, Percy suspects Walker of duplicity in the matter. Walker can be easily exculpated. It seems clear that he was trying to do Ritson justice and at the same time to keep on good terms with the Bishop. In such an attempt it was inevitable, in spite of his servility, that he should have forfeited Percy's friendship. This seems to have happened finally as the result of a footnote, in which the elegant editor of the *Reliques* found a lurking insult: "After the very strong expressions of respect and regard for the Bishop of Dromore, so ostentatiously displayed in Mr. Walker's letter to Mr. Boyd, Nov. 29, 1904, would it be thought credible that immediately after, in the following spring of 1805, Mr. Walker in his 'Essay on the Origin of Romantic Fabling in Ireland' should call the reader's attention, and in

effect hold up to his approbation, Ritson's scurrilous and abusive attack on the Bishop in the following note at the bottom of his page: '*Vide Ritson's Dissertation on Romance and Minstrelsy, prefixed to Ancient English Metrical Romances, Vol. I.*'"

Percy was thinking here, of course, not simply of the *Reliques*. Besides the textual question, the Bishop and Ritson were at swords' points on the subject of the estate of the ancient English minstrels. Percy, falling in with the spirit of his time, imaginatively represented the minstrels as an inspired fraternity intrusted with the creation, preservation, and transmission of English national song. This is the poetic figure that so engaged the romantic imagination as to lead to his celebration in more than one well-remembered poem. But the matter-of-fact Ritson would have none of him; he was committed to the facts of the case, not blinded by those fancies to which the romantic whim of idealizing the past so readily yielded. While recognizing the claim of the French minstrel, he regarded his English brother as a person "held in very little if any kind of estimation." He opposed, too, Percy's contention that the minstrels were poets, maintaining that they were not represented to much greater advantage by the early historians than they were in the time of Elizabeth and that, though they could sing and play, "it was none of their business to read or write."

Another *cause célèbre* to which Ritson was a party concerned the origin of romance. Warton, following "Warburton and the Warburtonian school, of which the distinguishing characteristics are want of knowledge, extreme confidence, and habitual mendacity," had declared that romance seemed "to have been imported into Europe by a people whose modes of thinking and habits of invention are not natural to that country. . . . It is generally supposed to have been borrowed from the Arabians. . . . It is an established maxim of modern criticism, that the fictions of Arabian imagination were communicated to the western world by means of the crusade. . . . But it is evident that these fancies were introduced at a much earlier period; the Saracens or Arabians having entered Spain about the beginning of the eighth century." After professing little confidence in oriental origins, and none at all in the literary in-

fluence of the Moors, Ritson goes on to characterize Warton as a "flowery historian," with "a visionary system," "indulging his imagination in reverie and romance without the least support or even colour of veracity or probability." His own position on the vexed question he declares on page 19 in the *Dissertation on the Ancient English Metrical Romance*: "After all it seems highly probable that the origin of romance in every age or country is to be sought in the different systems of superstition which have from time to time prevailed." Neither this judicious statement of his views nor his correction of many errors committed by the historian of English poetry can excuse his asperity and intolerance. Warton's work was difficult pioneer work honestly done. Godwin, who liked the *History* not much better than Ritson, was willing to admit that it merited "to be described as an immense treasury of material." No one now questions its influence in furthering an interest in our early English literature.

The particularity which governed Ritson in the higher criticism made him a fussy stickler in the humble walks of life. What appears in one sphere as critical scrupulousness seems in the other like finical foolishness. The editorial care for an accurate text becomes a personal anxiety about the teeth and the diet. The following bill of particulars we find in one of the critic's letters to his nephew: "1. Never drink tea (especially to your breakfast) nor eat sugar (at least as little as possible, and never by itself.) (Breakfast upon bread and milk, the most wholesome and nutritive diet you can accustom yourself to.) 2. Never hazard your teeth by attempting to crack things which you find too hard for them; and 3, Every morning, as soon as you get out of bed, or the first thing you do, rinse your mouth well with cold spring water. Never neglect this for a single day." Ritson's particularity in the form of calculating prudence is seen again when he advises his nephew against letting his enthusiasm for books take his attention from his business and seems to deteriorate into a mean timidity when, though a professed revolutionist, he advises against a declaration of principles until the cause is virtually won. In general, however, it may be said that Ritson's heart corrected his mental myopia. His creed was

one of loyalty as well as literalism, a loyalty that declared itself now in angry polemic in the public discharge of his critical duties and again in anxious tenderness and compassion for his mother, sister, and nephew. It is this engagement of his passions and his affections in personal and public life that makes Ritson much more than the precisian and the literalist. It enters him as a man in the human record; with his loyalty to our early literature it justifies his place as a romanticist in the literary record.

The strength of Ritson's affections is never more apparent than when they appear in conflict with one of his dearest hobbies. Ritson's vegetarianism amounted almost to a religion. His correspondence tells us that this faith had been inculcated in his nephew, whom he sometimes tenderly addresses as *My little fellow*, whom at other times he treats with an assumed austerity that thinly veils his love for the boy. Taking to heart his uncle's instructions that animals should not be slaughtered for food, the young gentleman had gone so far as to kill a cat that had apparently not accepted the vegetarian creed. This unforeseen result of his teaching worried Ritson so much that he wrote to his sister that the boy had gone "a little too far, in putting his friend Mrs. Wiseman's cat to death for killing a mouse, which, perhaps nature, certainly education, had taught her to look upon as a duty." But not forgetting the mouse, he moralizes in a letter to the young executioner upon "the consciousness of a mind disposed to contribute to the happiness of the minutest being (which I flatter myself you do and will ever possess), which shall afford you a much greater and more heartfelt satisfaction than to be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day." Evidently Ritson's vegetarianism was much more than a fad.

A more pathetic instance of perplexity relates to an illness of his sister. His letters to this sister are in general very affectionate and he seems to have had considerable influence with her. Under date of April 12, 1782, he urges upon her the reason for abstaining from animal food on the score both of health and of humanity. The appetite he characterizes as an unnatural one and pleads feelingly for the lives of innocent creatures, "to the enjoyment of which they have as good a right

as yourself." However, when Mrs. Frank fell sick and her physician prescribed animal food, her brother quickly relented. "I hardly wished," he writes gently if not quite consistently, "and never expected that my scruples on this head would influence you so far as to make you give up the mode of living to which you have always been accustomed. . . . I only hope and desire that as you relinquished the use of this food out of complaisance to me as a philosopher, you will now revive it out of affection for me as a brother." We have support here, as we have in the tender sensibility of the letters that relate to his mother's illness and death, of his declaration that nothing distressed him "so much as the sickness or death of those with whom [he was] any way connected."

In one of his letters Ritson tells us that portraits of Voltaire, Paine, and Rousseau looked down upon him from the walls of his chambers in Gray's Inn. The trio represent that combination of sense and sensibility which I have dwelt upon as justification for denominating Ritson a romantic antiquarian. It was not only that he was a professed revolutionist and skeptic in matters political and Christian, but that he temperamentally united in his humanitarianism and his rule of reason the enthusiasm and the intelligence of the romantic revolt. The great influences, to be sure, entering the comparatively narrow channel of his life led him to make his hobbies his religion and the letter his law. In a sense he seems like a romanticist in miniature; and we can almost overhear the laughter of an ironic fate as we grow into a realization that this champion of political and intellectual freedom was a spirit in bonds. Some such thoughts, at least, we are likely to entertain as we contemplate in the imperfect portraits of Ritson the strained and eager attention of his face. And yet a sympathetic study of the man's story shows that although he gave much time and anxiety to the minutiae of literary history and everyday living, his life was not really a life of littleness. He was too much of the literalist to accept a religion of mysticism; but for all that he had a faith of earnestness and devotion that made him as true to his family and friends as he was to his texts.

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CHARM

Esther Lyon's definition of a lady, in George Eliot's *Felix Holt*, seems to sum up the popular conception of what is ladylike. It comprehends the idea of delicacy and moderation. "A real fine lady," says Miss Esther, "does not wear clothes that flare in people's eyes, or use importunate scents, or make a noise when she moves: she is something refined, and graceful, and charming, and never obtrusive." Though later Esther Lyon's mind awoke to a new sense of values, in her estimate of womanly refinement and grace she was right from the beginning, instinctively right.

In woman, charm always accompanies exquisiteness of some sort. The exquisiteness which we call daintiness seems the natural attribute of a lovely woman. We look upon it as the outward expression of an inward fineness. To be sure, this inward delicacy may sometimes be a kind of selfishness, as it was, I suppose, in the case of Rosamond Vincy.

To say that charm never dwells with bulk would be both unkind and untrue, no less so than to assert that the extremely thin woman can never be altogether charming. There is, however, one dictum that can safely be pronounced,—a thick voice and slovenly speech absolutely nullifies what otherwise might be charm. Of that "excellent thing in woman" too much has been said to warrant any under-valuing of the soft voice and the clear, fluent utterance.

A touch of audacity may be very charming; even waywardness is not inconsistent with charm; but charm can have no affinity for uproariousness, no alliance with what is unfit. Hence our revulsion at the sound of a rough, coarse, vulgar laugh; our desire to run away from the person who can do nothing without fuss; our disgust at the untimely joke; our shrinking from any inopportune facetiousness; our silent reception of a stupidly flippant remark. There is danger, however, in over-fastidiousness. We must not lose hold of that volatile thing which is perhaps the most essential element of charm,—spontaneity. This quality implies quick perceptions; and quick

perceptions are the roots from which spring kind deeds and right words.

Where beauty and daintiness abide, the slightest grace—indeed, almost any pleasant individuality—becomes charm, a peculiar, fascinating droop of the eyelids, it may be, the sign, perhaps, of a quiet drollery, or mocking humor. I know a family to which a peculiar, expressive wink is characteristic, the eyes being gray with long, dark lashes. The trick is purely emotional, and charming beyond belief.

There is a species of humor that is very charming. It's a kind of humor that goes along with a homely face, a kind that homeliness seems to suit. The persons blessed with this sort of wit are always comfortable souls, easy to live with. They have a charm of their own, a charm that never stirs envy. Cheerfulness is commonly accounted an element of charm. It is indeed a desirable possession, and one that is sure to win friends. But cheerfulness is often shallowness, mere inability to foresee, a pitiable indication of a fundamental lack of development. To my mind, a fortitude that falls short of cheerfulness, under the complete apprehension of a misery and grief which the human frame and the human spirit cannot possibly sustain with anything more than patient endurance, is far more noble than a cheerfulness that does not comprehend. The cheerfulness of youth is always charming. It helps to keep the world normal. The lack of development which this kind of cheerfulness implies simply means a state of growth; it is not a lack from which one can rightly infer a constitutional deficiency.

But why attempt to describe or define a thing so elusive as personal charm? It is something we can see and feel, and yet the secret of its power is hidden from us. A living novelist of high reputation has built up a story on this very theme, the value of personal charm. Her whole aim seems to be the glorification of charm. Her hero, who believes that every person, man or woman, should have a purpose in life, is won completely by a "decorative idler." The woman who possessed this subjugating quality was as different as possible from what he had always thought a human being should be. She was hard, self-centred, ironic; she was interested in nobody; and yet, in spite of this

indifference, this lack of tenderness, this lack of imagination, she was full of apathetic power; she was always, in any company, the focus of interest. She was charm embodied. There was magic within her. On the hero, alas, nature had bestowed no such power. "He was an angel, of course; he was good; but he was only that; there were no varieties, no graces, no mysteries. His very interests were as meagre as his personality; he hardly had a taste, except the taste for doing his best." So was he made—with all his wealth of love, a creature never to be desired. Oh, the cruelty of nature!

Reflecting thus on personal charm, my mind naturally becomes reminiscent. As I look back, I can hardly separate face from environment. I am made to realize how much of personality a man's house, or shell, may reveal. I am shown that even personal charm may be enhanced by a fitting background, just as, through the skill of a cunning goldsmith the color and brilliance of a diamond may be intensified. In this backward sweep of the mind, the setting that stands out most clearly is a little room (for small it was, though, thanks to lofty ceiling and great, wide-silled windows, neither stuffy nor cooped) wherein there was not one expensive thing. The wood-work was white paint; the walls were cream-colored; the carpet, an ingrain, was a silvery gray; the hangings and couch-cover were cinnamon brown; the pillows showed touches of yellow and pink and blue; the table (there was nothing so fine as a polished table in this little room) was covered with a cloth of rich crimson. I know not whether this combination of colors would meet the approval of a professional decorator; I only know that to my eye it seemed most harmonious. There were dainty sash curtains at the windows, with dotted swiss curtains looped back. And this little nest lives in my memory, enshrined in an atmosphere of charm.

Then I recall a cottage home that seems to me charming, first, perhaps, because of its exquisite neatness and its perfect simplicity and sincerity, there being neither shabbiness nor cheapness, neither poverty nor superfluity, but every comfort, with, however, an almost quaker-like plainness. The walls are lined with books, Greek and Latin and German, works theo-

logical and philosophical, historical and poetical, and, in a special case by themselves, the novelists. There is plain living and high thinking in this cottage home. There sweet civility obtains, and the refinement of well-employed leisure is felt.

One other home scene lives in my memory as an example of charm in habitation, though here I find it especially hard to consider the place itself apart from its associations. This interior is a living-room in a homestead farm-house. I believe the floor covering was a rag carpet; the chairs were most of them comfortable old-fashioned rush-bottomed rockers; I think there was a lounge against the wall at the back of the room. A few good pictures adorned the walls, for the family counted an artist among its sons. The windows looked out upon a sweep of far-stretching fields, with a shadowy line of woods along the horizon, and, standing alone in an open field, dark against the sky, a great dusky cedar. As I remember it, this room was never insufferably hot, even on the hottest days of summer. One felt so safe, and cool, and comfortable. To lie there in cool shade, and look out upon the green cornfields, glistening in the sunshine, seemed to me the consummation of idle luxury. There was waving corn in view, and there on the chimney-piece always a row of luscious, mellow-tinted, bloom-fresh fruit, hinting of heavily laden orchards not far away.

The houses of wealth often give impressions of stateliness and grandeur, not of charm. Still, a book-lined room, with deep chairs to sink into, a hearth fire, softly-shaded lights, and the gleam of polished wood, is a pleasant vision to remember, and constitutes even yet the usual picture of home comfort and content. It is well that we have those charming fireside scenes left us by the poets, our own Whittier, and in England Cowper, that extoller of quiet pleasures. While such home scenes remain pictured in the mind, we shall not altogether lose our love of fireside happiness; there will still be, even in these days of unrest and tumultuous activity, women whose presence seems—

... the sweet income,
And womanly atmosphere of home. . . .

I come now to a consideration of what is charming in natural scenes. Ruskin points out that every Homeric landscape in-

tended to be beautiful is composed of a fountain, a meadow, and a shady grove. The modern ideal of natural beauty may be more inclusive, yet I believe that, even with us to-day, a scene, to be altogether charming, must possess these three features,—greenness, shade, and flowing water,—three things essential to human comfort. A water scene with a background of hills may be very lovely, but the loveliness is a "*solemn* loveliness." Whether this touch of solemnity is consistent with the idea of charm is a matter of opinion. The power that a lovely hill or mountain view (I speak now of loveliness, not of grandeur) has over one to whom the love of hills has become a passion I should not define as charm: it is a deeper sensation, more thrilling, more momentous. No, for pure charm, I should turn to the sweet level stretches of some rich farmland,—

Deep-meadowed, happy, and fair with orchard lawns.

The sublime and the romantic one might have to travel far to find; the charming is often near at hand. Ruskin says, "If the attention is awake and the feelings in proper train, a turn of a country road with a cottage beside it, which we have not seen before, is as much as we need for refreshment." I am not so sure but that a touch of domesticity, something to suggest the proximity of human dwelling, is needed to render a scene perfectly charming. The poet, in the midst of the picturesque, and where the charm of romantic association was not wanting, observed with delight the little plot of cottage-ground, and wreaths of smoke sent up in silence from among the trees. And when in his wandering he came upon a slip of lawn and a small bed of water in the woods, even though the spot seemed made by nature for herself, he thought of it as fit for man's abode:—

And if a man should plant his cottage near,
Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,
And blend its waters with his daily meal,
He would so love it, that in his death-hour
Its image would survive among his thoughts.

According to Ruskin, it is only the modern European child who can know the charm of romantic association. The instinct to which it appeals can hardly be felt in America, he asserts.

It is true that we have no antiquities in the sense that Europe has. We have no acropolis, no forum, no Colosseum, no ruined abbeys, no mediæval castles, no marble palaces, no cathedrals of the Gothic age. Our monuments of antiquity are physical, elemental, wrought and hewed by no mortal hand, consecrated by no mortal touch; they are the slow-growing work of ages; they speak not of human toil and strife; man is as nothing in their presence. It is a matter of regret that Ruskin did not visit the American continent. I have often wondered what he would have thought and said of our Geysers, our Big Trees, our Grand Canyons. Here, surely, would have been a feast for his color-loving eye!

In literature it is such compositions as the *Essays of Elia*, George William Curtis's *Prue and I*, Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, that one thinks of as charming, compositions characterized by a gentle pensiveness, a tender playfulness, a quaint humor, a sweet pathos; a sensibility which, while it suggests infinite depths, never becomes passion; a feeling that does but play upon the surface of things; a fancy that flits here and there, as a butterfly disports himself in the summer air, going far afield, it may be, but soaring always gaily and lightly, not from shallowness, but rather from the fullness of knowledge. One who has plunged into the depths breathes the air with a new seriousness, perhaps, but also with a new serenity. The common things of earth take on a new significance for him.

This element of charm will ever be one of the unreckoned forces. Embodied in the language of words, it becomes an influence too subtle to be consciously recognized, though precious beyond compute. Such productions as *The Superannuated Man*, *Blakesmoor in Herefordshire*, *Dream Children*, *Old China*, have a potency of their own. They make for sweetness and graciousness. They are like a gentle, restraining hand holding in check our misdirected energies, or like a kindly admonishing voice calling upon us to cease our "fretful stir unprofitable," bidding us look about upon what there is of beauty and goodness, upon what is thought-producing and joy-quickening.

Here again we find the charming closely associated with the

affections, with home things, early memories, early attachments, fondness for the familiar and the customary, as well as appreciation of the deliciousness of unexpected joys. There is nothing more charming in English literature than Charles Lamb's *Old China*, an essay which sets forth the joys of poverty, the blessedness of self-denial, and the preciousness of dearly-bought pleasures. Even Wordsworth's poem to the Green Linnet—perfectly charming in its joyousness and its whole-hearted responsiveness to the gay, careless, exultant, ecstatic spirit of the bird—owes much of its effectiveness to those home touches supplied by the words "sequestered nook," "my orchard seat," "cottage eaves." They give the poem its setting. Take from the composition its human interest and its homely background, and you divest it of half its charm.

In this practical and purposeful age, when every club woman is expected to be interested in current topics, and when even the uneducated and unthinking person aspires to seem *well-informed*, pure fact is the intellectual food most valued; the literature of knowledge is more in demand than the literature of power. I should not describe the literary taste of the times as discriminative of flavor. And yet I should hesitate to say that we have to-day no feeling for charm. The popularity of Arthur Christopher Benson's books would belie such a statement. Mr. Benson pours out his thoughts in a clear smooth flow of words that makes whatever he chooses to say delightful. Charm is still an irresistible power, in literature as in personality.

MAY TOMLINSON.

Plainfield, New Jersey.

AFOOT IN ALSACE-VIRGINIA

The railway traveller westward bound from Washington feels the smack of local significance as soon as the long tunnel whisks him out beside the waters and precipices of Harper's Ferry. The town rises steep and picturesque at the meeting-place of two rivers and three states: above, a new Clovelly—Clovelly even in the tiny dilapidated stone houses and the occasional donkey on the rock-stepped paths; below, a Thermopylæ of the railroads.

The village is not without honor, which mid the various bustle of resort can keep unflattened its local character. Harper's Ferry, a junction-point for two trunk lines, despite the daily and nightly thunder of expresses and the rattle of interminable freights with their accompaniment of smoke and cheap eating-houses and livery hacks, remains the serene negation of a 'railway town.' Ten minutes' climb by quiet foot-paths from the noisome station marooned in its wilderness of tracks brings the train-worn visitor to Jefferson's Rock, whence he looks over nestling roofs and spires to the tawny Shenandoah and the wooded Virginian heights of Loudoun. Here the indications of modern traffic are equally lost to sight and sound. The view has hardly changed since Jefferson declared it worth a voyage across the Atlantic to observe.

The Valley of Virginia is a funnel, emptying itself northeasterly by means of the two hundred miles of the Valley Pike—still one of the most beautiful roads in America. The mouth of the funnel is Harper's Ferry, where the Shenandoah joins the Potomac, and a spur of the Alleghanies runs up to within speaking distance of the Blue Ridge. For thirty miles the tourist, motoring down the pike or gazing from car-window on one of its flanking railways, has in view as his objective point and landmark the great gap by which the combined rivers break through the mountains. Looking thus, his range of vision covers the eastern 'pan-handle' of West Virginia, a narrow wedge of three counties forming the most remarkable protuberance of that polyangular state. Twenty miles broad and

fifty long, this strip lies along the Potomac, across the mouth of the Valley of Virginia, to which it belongs by natural as well as moral law.

For half a century the population have been sending legislators, by endless mountains and infinite railway circlings, to Charleston, where in general an alien feeling reigns; but the ties of association and commerce, no less than those of sentiment, still bind the people to the Old Dominion. Down the Valley to Harper's Ferry pour the products of the richest portion of Virginia in search of markets. Eastward and southward, alliances of every kind stretch themselves into Virginia; westward, relationships are mountain-stopped. The political bond lies over the spirit of the community like a boom of logs over a strongly flowing river, burdensome perhaps at times, but superficial. Subconsciously, in the feeling of the people, the capital still is Richmond; 'the university' always means in local parlance Jefferson's school at Charlottesville. Alsace is not more mindful of the severed tie.

It is not at Harper's Ferry that my walks begin, but eight miles up the pike at Charles Town, the county-seat of Jefferson. Along these eight miles of undulating cornland, between the unchanging gray stone fences, there passed, on October 23, 1859, the procession which carried to their trial the survivors of the John Brown Raid. The aftermath of that eventful journey is constantly brought to mind by the small stone pillars, marked with stars and bars, which at almost every lane and bend of the road memorialize an armed conflict. From the veranda of the house in which I write, I look over a hundred yards of gardens to the site of Brown's execution, once a vacant field on the town's edge, now occupied by a private residence of heavy brick, towered and battlemented as if it appreciated the portentous nature of the place and stood prepared to laugh at bogies.

Insistent as are these reminders of fifty years ago, the memories of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods are yet more intimate. The town was almost in the mediæval sense a fief of the Washingtons, and remains to-day the chief abiding-place of that family. It was about the middle of the eighteenth

century that George Washington, while living with Lord Fairfax at Greenway Court nearby, began acquiring for himself and his brothers large tracts of land along the Shenandoah. Charles Town, incorporated in 1786, bears its name in honor of one of the President's brothers, who held the contiguous estate of 'Mordington' and gave the land on which the village grew. The very street-names are quaintly flavored with eighteenth-century history. The main thoroughfare, that portion of the pike within the town limits, is Washington Street, paralleled by Congress and Liberty, crossed by roads bearing the Christian names of the founder's family: Lawrence, Charles, George, Samuel, and Mildred.

With my back to Harper's Ferry I pass down the main street between John Brown's court-house and his jail. During the daylight hours the road is likely to be a tangle of vehicles, for the community still clings to the colonial notion that God made the country for the residence of his elect, while man made towns to accommodate the butcher and the baker. The petty indignities of modern farming and the ubiquitous servant problem are fast rendering the old régime impracticable; but the daily descent of the country-dwellers in quest of supplies and mail and social chatter yet fills the town's grave streets with gaiety and bustle.

Near its western end the main street drops rapidly to a fine old limestone bridge over Evitt's Run, and rises again through the negro settlement of 'Potato Hill.' Beside the bridge, itself a striking object with its accentuated arch and high, protecting walls, stand the old town pump and the broken shell of an ancient hostelry well-reputed in coaching days. This western border of the town, through which the pretty run twists in hardly broken shade, lies now in continental decay, for modern growth has followed the hills to the east. For the wayfarer who stops to stare at the old tavern or to pry more adventurously among the quaint disreputable lanes beside the water, only the bright flashes of color from old-fashioned flowers, still blooming in dozens of neglected gardens among the banks of indigenous jewel-weed, recall the statelier past of this now forsaken quarter.

For me the lanes of Charles Town are a long-solved mystery.

I follow the pike up the next incline, and, crossing the railroad, am at once in open country on the nearer road to Winchester, twenty miles away. Three miles behind the town runs the vivid wall of the Blue Ridge with the Shenandoah at its base. In front, more remote, but drawing visibly nearer with every hundred yards, stands the Valley's barrier toward the Alleghanies, the North Mountain.

The note of gray is as persistent in the landscape of this region as in its history. The mountains, dominant in every view, are deeply gray—with a bluish tinge in some weathers, but never green. The sky at its best reflects the same hue, which the walker as he proceeds sees repeated in endless variation: from the splendid macadam roads for which this county of Jefferson bears the prize between New Jersey and Atlanta; from the long stone fences giving place here and there to the almost indistinguishable tone of seasoned rails; from the distant oak groves dotted freely among the fields; and from the frank outcropping of the native limestone to which the section owes its fertility and healthfulness. The most striking exceptions to the color scheme are the gold of the June wheat fields and the brown and yellow of September corn.

A mile from the town a group of old trees sets off charmingly the three ruined walls of St. George's Chapel, the oldest worshipping-place of the Church of England west of the Blue Ridge. The walls are of the native stone, the larger part still erect and beautiful. The mortar, as well as the brick and timber for interior construction, were imported from England about 1747, coming by boat to Alexandria and thence by wagon.

The ascent of the next hill procures a delightful view, across a mile of sloping meadows, of 'Harewood,' built a few years after the chapel as the residence of Colonel Samuel Washington, Mary Ball's second son. Erected under the eye of Samuel's brother George, the house is still untouched by age and yet remains in the possession of the Washingtons. Seen from the opposite incline, it presents a fine old-fashioned appearance with its stately blue stone front and its series of gardens falling away to a great crystal spring.

The last years of the eighteenth century gave 'Harewood'

its happiest days and gayest memories. Except during the troubled period of the Revolution, few summers passed without a visit from George and Martha Washington. Samuel, the original owner of the house, died in 1781 at the early age of forty-six, leaving to his older brother the care of his estate and the guardianship of his two young sons. It was with his uncle's consent that George Steptoe Washington, the second proprietor, was married at seventeen to a Philadelphia Quakeress, Lucy Payne; and it was equally with the warmly expressed approval of George and Martha that Lucy Payne's sister Dolly became the wife of one of Washington's most valued lieutenants, James Madison.

The fine old 'Harewood' parlor, beautified by a French marble mantelpiece which Lafayette had recently presented, was a gay place in September, 1794, when Dolly Madison was married. The President and his wife were there, of course; Mr. Jefferson lent his travelling coach for the bride's use; Light Horse Harry Lee, on the finest horse in all Virginia, galloped up late from the Washingtons' native county of Westmoreland. The house was packed in every nook and cranny, and the walls resounded with mirth that echoes still, for Virginians were like brothers in the brave days of old, and then as now *were* very largely cousins.

Three years later, in '97, 'Harewood' was again in gala dress, for it was there, quite naturally, that Louis Philippe, future king of France and his two brothers, of Montpensier and Beaujolais, made one of their first halts, when with a map of North America annotated by Washington from his recollections of French and Indian wars, they set out from Mount Vernon to view the interior of the country. At 'Harewood' all was mirth and youthful jollity. It was at their next stop, Winchester, that the noble tourists met their first disaster, on exchanging the private hospitality of the Washingtons for the professional attentions of the veteran Bush, who ruled Winchester's one hostelry with a discipline as inexorable as ever old Hobson imposed upon the Cambridge of Milton's youth. It was no part of Bush's creed to let his guests take their ease at their inn, and Louis's innocent petition for supper apart from the other patrons of the establish-

ment called forth from the democratic landlord a decree of immediate expulsion, which no apologies could revoke.

Passing within a hundred yards of the northern end of 'Harewood' I follow the route of the young French princes, as the road twists over a succession of gentle hills, each with a different view of distant mountains and rolling fertile fields. Six miles from Charles Town, a thick wood, threaded by a brook, lies across the way. The next incline brings the walker to a sudden pause before the prospect of the loveliest sleeping village of the region. Smithfield, or Middleway, lies directly at my feet.

Two wavering streets make up the town. Several brick houses of comfortable size stand out from among the lines of rough stone cabins jostling each other down the road. At the extreme southeastern edge, a pretty towered church in its elegiac graveyard adds a final, almost supererogatory, note of peace to the dead stillness of the picture.

Never an abode of strenuous activity, Smithfield has yet had its small excitements; and it still retains in the belief of the neighborhood a mildly uncanny reputation, indicated by the nickname 'Clip,' by which the county knows it best. Strangers, attending service in the church or visiting in the houses, used to find their property—coats, handkerchiefs, books, gloves, and the like—clipped after a provoking and mysterious manner. The agents of the mischief, possibly small boys, were never discovered; and it is still locally asserted that articles left in the town, though tight locked in trunks, exhibit the 'witches' clip.'

The railways have left this sweetest Albion of the plain alone with its memories and its fancies. To-day its main street knows hardly more of actual life than its dreaming church and mossy cemetery. The *coup de grace* has lately been delivered by the Postmaster General in abolishing the village post office. Such news of the outside world as now filters in comes by rural carrier from the nearest hamlet on the railway line. In the midst of smiling agricultural profusion, where land purchased within ten years yields its regular sixteen per cent, Smithfield moulders in beautiful decay.

It was after noon when I descended into the principal street. The two shops were locked fast; their proprietors were at

dinner. But there is no hope of lunch for the wayfarer in Smithfield. A solitary negro, lying dog-like across the pavement with his back against a house and his feet in the gutter, gave me direction, as I turned off the Winchester road and struck north for Leetown.

The Leetown road stretches four miles over a slowly ascending ridge, from the top of which the traveller, now in the middle of the valley, looks across at each of the equidistant mountain walls over a country of grainland and apple orchard, copiously productive in every inch, yet withal charmingly secluded and uncommercialized.

A few hundred yards from the cross-road that makes Leetown I pass the building to which the village owes its name,—a low stone house, originally without internal partitions, flanked by a huge barn, likewise of stone. Here the eccentric Charles Lee, discredited after the Battle of Monmouth, chose to shelter his bitter spirit, though by birth and associations a total stranger to Virginia.

This particular region has ever been a kindly nurse of broken careers and lost causes. Lee is said to have sought it for the companionship of another defeated general, Horatio Gates, who retired to such another stone house three miles away, after his Saratoga laurels had been changed to the willows of Camden. Three miles from Lee in another direction dwelt in less ascetic fashion a third Revolutionary general, Adam Stephen, cashiered after Germantown. Anecdotes hang thick around the memories of these three officers, whose curiously parallel careers led them from the early promise of Braddock's campaign, in which all gained valiant commendation, through the bitterness of blasted Revolutionary ambition, to close their days in Valley hermitages within a league of one another.

The life of the acrimonious Lee was of the kind about which legends naturally gather. The scion of a considerable Cheshire family, he had already led a crack English regiment to battle, adventured as a soldier of fortune in Poland, and proved himself formidable in private controversy, both as duellist and as pamphleteer, when in 1775 he took up the crotchet of American liberty, bought his Valley estate, and accepted condescen-

dingly the second major-generalship in the Continental army. The Colonies had, in truth, less profit from his sword than from his bitterly forceful pen, which made him the scourge of Tories while alive, and during the generation after his death rendered him one of the most favored candidates for the speculative distinction of authorship of the 'Junius' letters.

No loiterer in the neighborhood of his home can escape the oft-told stories of how he cherished his deep misogyny in the bleak dwelling, hardly distinguishable from his barn, whence women were perpetually excluded and where one apartment was separated from another only by chalk marks on the floor. Specially popular is the tale of how Washington set out from 'Harewood' one day after the Revolution upon a visit of conciliation, only to find that Lee had barred up his house, dismissed his servants, chalked a defiant message on the door, and rid a-hunting. Yet more frequent in the mouths of local narrators is the well-known quotation from his will, in which the old misanthrope seems to have preserved for posterity the very essence of his infidelity and mordant wit: "I desire most earnestly, that I may not be buried in any church, or churchyard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting house; for since I have resided in this country, I have kept so much bad company when living, that I do not chuse to continue it when dead."

From Leetown a road turns back to Charles Town—five miles of shining gray macadam running between gray stone fences over the infinite succession of little hills: an excellent road for the walker. From each small height the uplifting sameness of the mountains; in each depression some new view of wood or grain-field or sweetly retired mansion. The miles go fast. Very soon the graceful spire of the Episcopal church, standing on the highest ground of Charles Town, begins to overtop the intervening slopes, punctuating the landscape, as it were, concentrating in its distant beauty the region's two main charms: its serene present peace and Alsatian memories.

TUCKER BROOKE

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FACT AND THEORY ABOUT SHAKESPEARE*

The small group of Shakespeare studies upon which we are to offer an opinion represents some of the best of those recently appearing in English. On the whole, the outlook is cheering; for though we may not find ourselves willing to praise unreservedly, it is encouraging to find that all of the writers have had due regard for the solid facts, and have treated the subject with a due sense of their obligation to let us know when theory is substituted for fact. Indeed, the chief quarrel this reviewer has with certain other books about Shakespeare is not their mere errors, which may be forgiven or corrected, but their disregard of the difference between what they present as fact and the real fact. In the present case the books fall into two classes: summary of our ascertained knowledge about Shakespeare, and attempts to add to that knowledge.

Of the first sort is Professor Matthews's bulky volume. From the title, *Shakspeare as a Playwright*, as well as from the nature of the author's attainments and the direction of his studies in the drama, we are led to anticipate something different from what we get. With his wholesome knowledge of the actual stage, Professor Matthews might have given us a book both informing and stimulating, using light from the modern stage to illuminate some places on the Elizabethan stage which have remained dark, we believe, because most of the earlier critics studied Shakespeare's plays as they might have studied *Samson Agonistes*. On the contrary, we have here little more than another book

**Shakspeare as a Playwright*. By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1913.

The Facts About Shakespeare. By William Allan Neilson and Ashley H. Thorndike. Macmillan Co., New York. 1913.

The Sonnets of Shakespeare: New Light and Old Evidence. By Countess de Chambrun. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1913.

A Note on the Swan Theatre. By T. S. Graves. Reprint from *Modern Philology*, January, 1912.

The Court and the London Theatres During the Reign of Elizabeth. By Thornton Shirley Graves. University of Chicago Dissertation. George Banta Publishing Co., Menasha, Wis. 1913.

rehearsing well-worn criticism, in spite of the first sentence: "This book is not a biography of Shakspeare; it is a study of his stage-craft." It is, in plan and treatment, little different from such books as Brandes, Baker, and Bradley; one would not be unjust in saying that, for the library of the student, it is less useful than these. The most satisfactory part of the book is the second chapter, upon Shakspeare's Theatre; yet even here the statements made are somewhat vague, and unsupported by references even of the simpler sort. And of the remainder one is tempted to say that it is very much diluted, page after page dissolving like an insubstantial pageant into thin air.

Of quite a different character is the little volume by Professors Neilson and Thorndike, *The Facts About Shakespeare*, intended as a general introduction to the excellent "Tudor" editions of the separate plays. With no pretension in the way of adding to our knowledge by discovery of any specific fact, the book cannot be read, one ventures to say, without giving even the best-informed scholar some point of interest. The facts are attractively presented, in more or less popular form; but there is no padding in the book, and always the greatest care to offer the reader the option of pursuing his studies further if he please. In this regard the book should prove a serious rival to Sir Sidney Lee's. It has one advantage, and one lack, as compared with such a book for the general reader. In the first place, the writers have no theory about the Sonnets or about Southampton to defend; the former are presented without "entangling alliances," according to good democratic policy; the latter gets bare mention, and is not even thanked for that thousand pounds he is said to have presented to the author of *Venus and Adonis*. In the mention of this gift (p. 44), grave doubt of it is (properly) implied, as being a piece of Davenant gossip; and in the index the occurrence of Southampton's name on this page is not noted. In the second place, since this is a general introduction to an edition wherein each play will have its own foreword, there is little information about particular plays. A useful set of tables (pp. 71, 72, 76) sets forth, first, the results of the common metrical tests applied to the chronology of the plays, and then the order of the plays

with their approximate dates ; in the latter the grouping of the plays as histories, comedies, tragedies, after the fashion suggested in the First Folio, brings out very vividly the interesting fact of the total disappearance of the chronicle play and the great preponderance of tragedy in the period between 1600 and 1609. There is also a useful set of appendices, upon one of which we may say a word. Appendix A, Biographical Documents and Authorities, is highly important from the point of view of the teacher anxious to so present Shakespeare to his classes that they will perceive the proper relation between the documentary evidence and the more or less valid interpretations of that evidence offered in the ordinary text-book. It tabulates and classifies and gives representative documents. For example, the biographical facts recorded in the parish registers of Stratford-on-Avon and in the corporation records are mentioned, with an indication as to where these records may be conveniently consulted in print, as in Halliwell-Phillipps or in Lambert ; the text of Shakespeare's will is given ; the passage in Meres's *Palladis Tamia* ; the introductory matter in the First Folio, including commendatory verses. The only omission of moment—and one may at least hold this no serious fault—is the failure to include Rowe's *Life* in the enumeration of "sources of traditional material." It would seem to me that much of Rowe's material is based upon tradition, and upon tradition that we cannot safely pursue to its earlier sources. Upon the whole, we have here a thoroughly practical and teachable book, and one that is at the same time interesting.

One opens a book upon the Sonnets of Shakespeare with a certain rhyme ringing in one's head—"He who loves strange sights to see," etc. The interesting volume by the Countess de Chambrun somewhat justifies our anticipations ; for there is a spell about the Sonnets such that none may study them without evolving some theories of his own ; a spell that has sometimes been akin to that mystic "ducdame, ducdame" with which the crabbed Jacques flouts the Elizabethan singers of "the simple life." But it is just to the Countess to say that she does not cram her theory down your throat, but presents it attractively, if not convincingly. It is a thoroughgoing theory, whose main points

are: that the order of the Sonnets in the edition of 1609 is misleading; that the "young man" of the first group of Sonnets is Southampton; that this young man is the same as the rival in love; that the chief "rival poet" is Marlowe; that the "dark lady" is Davenant's mother, hostess of the inn at Oxford; and that, consequently, Davenant was Shakespeare's son. Though it will be impossible for us to discuss *in extenso* any of these contentions, we may say a word or two, and of the last especially.

In Scott's Journal (see Lockhart's *Life*) we find he has just been refreshing his vigorous mind, jaded with toil over *Woodstock*, by more or less desultory reading; this brings him again to the old gossip which Davenant was so anxious to have credited. The soul of the honest gentleman rebels, and he quotes from memory, as apposite to Davenant's claim, a now forgotten farce of Fielding's in which Phaeton complains to his mother that no one will credit the tale of his divine parentage:—

"By all the village boys I'm sham'd:
'You the Sun's son! You be damned!'"

Whereupon, Scott proceeds to use the quotation in *Woodstock*.

We are aware that jest is said not to be argument. If there were time, we might point out the unlikelihood of the Davenant story through a careful examination of the evidence presented by the Countess (from *Willobie his Avis*a and other equally suspected sources); but we content ourselves with the remark that, first, what we know of the innkeeper's wife is very little, very vague (was she dark or light?), and from sources similar to those that start the gossip about Davenant; and, secondly, the woman of the Sonnets appears to have been a "lady," a woman of some social standing and of those social acquirements (such as proficiency in music) little to be looked for in the wife of a country innkeeper.

Upon the rearrangement of the Sonnets, printed in the volume in the order the author proposes, it may be said that, once free yourself from the order of Thorpe's edition, and you find that scarcely two students will meet together so that the spirit of concord is in the midst of them. And again, the Countess her-

self notes (p. 15) that the Thorpe edition divides the Sonnets into three groups: "The text is cut after No. 126 by the words, printed thus, 'Series II', and again at No. 152 a division is marked 'Series III'." Then, on the basis of the fact that Thorpe, with or without authority for doing so, groups the Sonnets, she disregards his grouping for one of her own. Personally, unless we could call back the "spirit of him who left half told" this supposed story of the Sonnets, I prefer the Thorpe arrangement.

The author is exceedingly amiable and clever in her discussion, and though we hesitate to own ourselves convinced, no reader of the volume should find it unfruitful, and all should welcome the reprinting of Rowe's *Life of Shakespeare*, complete, in an appendix. It is a pity that a volume so nice in its general make-up, with interesting reproductions of pictures, should lack an index, and should be full of errors of the press. Not to enumerate too many of these, we note that in the very table of contents page numbers for the chapters are wrongly given, and on p. 97 a line in Essex's sonnet to Elizabeth substitutes "trips and haws" for "*hips* and haws." One of the fanciful illustrations, a reproduction of Rembrandt's "Dissecting Room," should not pass unnoted, as being especially suggestive when taken in connection with Sonnet 74 and with the famous verses upon the tomb.

We have reserved to the last our notice of the really scholarly work of Professor Graves. To examine in detail his valuable contributions to our concept of the Elizabethan stage would be impossible. He proves, we think, that as early as 1602 the Swan Theatre was provided with curtains and hangings; it is a warrantable inference that other public theatres would likewise have them. In his more ambitious study of the influence of the more elaborately appointed court stage upon the stage of the public theatre he makes out a very strong case for such influence. Though some of the evidence he adduces may be suspected (e.g., references to the Percy plays, which Albright shows, in *Modern Philology*, October 1913, to have been mere closet-dramas, never acted), the painstaking and wide research and the sound judgment he displays contribute to a fine result. As one

willing to see a millstone, if not capacitated for seeing into it, I have always wondered at the desperate clinging to the idea of a "bare platform" for the Elizabethan stage in the face of our positive knowledge that the court drama enjoyed a staging as elaborate in its kind as that of any time. Not to embarrass the reader with too much detailing of the evidence, what is the plain meaning of the words when one of the children of the chapel, acting in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, is made to say, in the Induction that preceded the play: "Away wag; what, wouldst thou make an implement of me? 'Slid, the boy takes me for a piece of *perspective*, I hold my life, or *some silk curtain*, come to hang the stage! Sir crack, I am none of your *fresh pictures that use to beautify the decayed dead arras in a public theatre*." The words italicized speak plainly enough, one would think, of scenery (*perspective*), of curtains, of arras, of pictures to decorate that arras, freshly painted by the stage artist. And again, where would be the point of Shakespeare's elaborate burlesque of the makeshift devices of barnstorming players, in Bottom and his troupe, if his own stage had nothing better to show?

In addition to the arguments so convincingly marshalled by Professor Graves to show that stage fittings on the public stage imitated those on the court stage, he presents others tending to modify the notion that the form of the theatre was evolved from the inn yard with its open court and galleries all around. Unquestionably, plays were presented at inns. Professor Graves shows that they were also presented in the town hall of provincial towns. And he makes it seem very probable that plays presented at inns may have been presented, not in the yard, but in a room. At least, as he suggests, it is highly improbable that so resourceful and energetic a set of men as the managers of the London theatres, when they came to build a play-house, would look only at the inn yard for a model, close their eyes to such models as the halls, the bull-rings, and refuse to exercise the inventive faculties that their own calling most constantly exercised.

PIERCE BUTLER.

Newcomb College.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE DRIFT OF ROMANTICISM. *Shelburne Essays*. Eighth Series. By Paul Elmer More. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. More speaks in one of his essays of the discouragement that a critic feels when confronted by the long row of volumes that contain the critical essays of Sainte-Beuve. There is something of the same feeling when a busy teacher or the specialist is brought face to face with the eighth series of Mr. More's *Shelburne Essays*—volumes that have been appearing with disconcerting regularity for the past several years. The range of subjects treated, the vast knowledge of ancient and modern literature, the remarkable insight into philosophical and even theological questions, and above all, such a mass of penetrating, balanced, and withal wise criticism, may well strike the specialist or the general reader with something akin to despair.

And yet this personal feeling passes away in the glow of satisfaction that we have in America a critic who is publishing in our magazines and, for the most part, in the *New York Evening Post* and the *Nation* criticism that may well take its rank with the best continental criticism of the present age, and does not suffer by comparison with that of former days. We have in all these volumes "that looking before and after, that linking of literary movements with the great currents of human activity, which has become a part of criticism along with the growth of the historical method." We have, too, that unfailing judgment—due largely to the author's first-hand knowledge of classical literature—which Professor Babbitt in his remarkable volume, *Masters of Modern French Criticism*, has pointed out as the supreme need of contemporary criticism. We have also, though not to such a marked degree in the latest volume, much of that sympathetic appreciation which causes "unusual quickening of the blood" and which conveys to others some small part of the author's own experience in the discovery of the best there is in literature.

The Drift of Romanticism is a series of studies of William Beckford, Cardinal Newman, Walter Pater, Fiona Macleod

(William Sharp), Nietzsche, and Huxley—all of these writers viewed in relation to the development of the Romantic Movement throughout the nineteenth century. They present different aspects of that "expansive conceit of the emotions which goes with the illusion of beholding the infinite within the stream of nature itself instead of apart from the stream." Perhaps the best summary of the qualities of Romanticism as found in these writers is in the author's sentence: "The historic Romanticism of the nineteenth century, when it strikes its central note, whether it be the morbid egoism of a Beckford, or the religious defalcation of a Newman, or the æstheticism of a Pater, or the dregs of naturalistic pantheism seen in a Fiona Macleod, or the impudent revolt from humanitarian sympathy of a Nietzsche—this Romanticism is in its essence a denial of classical dualism, and an illusory substitution of the mere limitless expansion of our impulsive nature for that true infinite within the heart of man, which is not of nature, and whose voice is heard as the inner check, restraining, centralizing, and forming." Mr. More is very acute in his conclusion that evolution as interpreted by Huxley and pragmatism as set forth by William James and Bergson are essentially the result of the same romantic spirit. If in the more subjective writers we find the expansion of the individual without regard to the inner check or the will to refrain, we have in evolution and in the theories of life and of education that have grown out of it the "expansive forces of the physical world without any rational and selective guidance or imposition of moral restraint or conscious insight." After drawing a sharp distinction between the three kinds of science—positive, hypothetical, and philosophical—the author calls attention to "a body of testimony, accumulated through thousands of years, to the effect that a whole world of inner life lies outside of that block-universe of mechanical determinism." From this standpoint Romanticism and evolutionary philosophy are both phases of naturalism, which "in place of the higher intuition which is above reason, would commit mankind to the lower intuition, which is beneath reason."

While the volume may be reduced to this general point of view, Mr. More is too good a critic to miss the effect of concrete

types, which are interesting aside from any generalizations. Perhaps the most striking studies are those of Pater and Newman. It may be questioned if, with all that has been written on these two writers, there has been a more searching analysis of their strong and weak points. While the criticism of each writer will not please enthusiastic admirers, yet one cannot escape the conviction that here we have estimates that are all but final. Very clearly is set forth the idea that to Pater history was only "an extension of his own ego": for his interpretations of Plato, of early Christianity, and of the Renaissance are altogether inadequate—"a betrayal of critical trust" and "a complete perversion of history." Pater was a typical dilettante to whom the vital and virile aspects of life are a closed book; his philosophy leads inevitably to weariness and satiety and impotence—in a word, to Oscar Wilde. Newman, on the other hand, while possessing the finest religious nature of his age, failed his country at her hour of greatest need. "There was something in his conversion of failure in duty, a betrayal of the will." He was therefore not one of the great mystics like Plato or Pascal, nor was he a great skeptic like Sainte-Beuve, but rather a lost leader.

It will thus be seen that Mr. More considers all these writers from the high standpoint of the great writers of all ages. It may be objected that he might have found better representatives of the Romantic movement than these, but the answer to such criticism may be found in chapters of the author's other volumes in which he has passed in review all the leading figures, European as well as English and American, of the nineteenth century. The truth is that he has considered these writers not only in relation to the highest standard of literature but also in relation to the best philosophic thought of the ages. With a spiritual life nourished by the reading of Hindu philosophy, Plato, Dante, and others, he has been for a long time a very deep thinker and at the same time a penetrating observer of life.

At the end of this present volume he gives in the form of ninety "definitions of dualism" a sort of summary of the philosophy of life which he has come to hold. In as short a review as this must be, it is clearly impossible even to suggest

the wisdom and the clear, forcible, and at times beautiful, expression of his ideas, ranging from the simplest aspects of life to the profoundest interpretations of God and the universe. He confesses his inability to resolve all the complex aspects of the life of man and the universe into any monistic explanation. He falls back, therefore, upon dualism—the everlasting conflict between the will to act and the will to refrain, the self-moving, incessant flux and the restraint upon the flux exercised by a force contrary to it—as the only rational philosophy of life. It may be doubted if there has been in any recent book a more significant and suggestive presentation of an ultimate philosophy.

EDWIN MIMS.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY. By Hugo Münsterberg. Houghton Mifflin Co. 309 pages. \$1.50.

In early centuries the interest of scholars was centered upon man and his mental products. With scientific discoveries and inventions of revolutionary effects the interest shifted to the machine. The world seemed to be run by machinery, and the man was in a large measure lost sight of. Just now, however, a new humanism has appeared, so different from the old that it is not called by the same name. In fact the content and the motive are entirely different.

Perhaps the most important contribution to this movement is Professor Münsterberg's new book on *Psychology and Industrial Efficiency*. This book opens up a new and rich field, and at the same time presents a method of investigation which can be taken up by others and carried on with reasonable hopes of success.

After an introduction, in which the problems and the methods of study are stated, the author takes up in the three parts of the book three subjects of investigation: the man for the work, the work for the man, and the economic effect. The fitness of a man for his work depends upon mental qualities. These qualities may be studied by methods known to psychology. They have been studied, but not with reference to the requirements of a given sort of work. In order to apply psychology

to industrial life it is necessary to discover what mental characteristics each man has, and then fit the man to the work and the work to the man. Many failures are due to misfits, and even where there is not failure there is often useless expenditure of energy, or small results.

The author does not claim to have worked out an exact psychology of business and industrial life, but merely to have pointed out the way for further study. Until recently psychology was concerned chiefly with general laws, and individual variation was neglected. In practical life we have to do with practical traits. The far-reaching division of labor has in some respects accentuated individualism. It is therefore the individual variations that most concern us to-day. Educational and medical psychology have made some advancement, but economic psychology is in a very early stage, and we are still far from a perfect system.

Young people know very little about themselves or their abilities, except in respect to a few special talents, such as music and art. Even inclination is not a safe guide. A boy may have a passion to become an engineer, but if he is color blind he is unfit. Similarly he may have, without knowing it, a defect of judgment or memory or feeling which unfits him for a particular calling. The result is often a misfit which is expensive to the employer, and disastrous or burdensome to employee. Efforts at vocational guidance and scientific management aim to improve these conditions, but more knowledge is needed. There should be some scientific principles which would help guide people into the right callings. Economic psychology offers some assistance, and when fully developed it will do a great deal to improve the conditions of labor and the laborer. A series of experiments were performed to test the methods, and the results seem to justify their use in the industries. These experiments are recorded in the book and are very interesting to read, but they cannot be described in the short space of a review.

The problem of securing the best work for the man is even more difficult, yet it must not be neglected. In every vocation the man must be adapted to the labor and the labor must be learned. One of the problems for the economic psychologist is

to discover the best methods of learning to do each kind of work. The psychomotor factors in each part of the work must be studied. The methods used in the experiments are simple yet considerable skill and experience in psychological research is needed to conduct them.

In the last chapter, "The Future of Economic Psychology," Professor Münsterberg states what is next to be done. "With most experimental researches in our psychological laboratories, the number of subjects experimented on is not so important as the number of experiments made with a few well-trained participants. But with questions of applied psychology the number of persons plays a much more significant rôle, as the individual differences become of the greatest importance." There will be a demand for "the large establishments to appoint professionally trained psychologists who will devote their services to the psychological problems of the special industrial plant. There are many factories that have scores of scientifically trained chemists or physicists at work, but who would consider it an unproductive luxury to appoint a scientifically schooled experimental psychologist to their staff. And yet his observations and researches might become economically the most important factor."

The book is intensely interesting from beginning to end. It is not too technical to be readily understood by the intelligent reader who is not a psychologist, and business men as well as psychologists and educators will find it stimulating and suggestive.

J. F. MESSENGER.

THE GOSPELS. By the Rev. Leighton Pullan. In the Oxford Library of Practical Theology. Edited by Canon Newbolt and Principal Stone. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. Crown 8vo. 5 shillings.

That St. Matthew's Gospel was written by an unknown Jewish Christian, who took St. Matthew's collection of the Logia, or sayings of Christ, and combined it with St. Mark's record of the deeds of Christ; that this Logia of St. Matthew was written very early in the history of the Church; that St. Mark's Gospel was written next, about A.D. 65, that St. Luke wrote his Gospel about A.D. 75, basing it also on St. Mark, and combining St.

Mark and the Logia of St. Matthew with other material, and that the Apostle St. John wrote his Gospel near the end of the century—are conclusions which the author ably defends in his volume.

His interest, however, is not merely in matters of date and authorship. He shows that the portrait of Christ, and the record of His work, in all the documents, from the Logia of St. Matthew, the earliest, to the Gospel of St. John, the latest, are consistent with one another, and with the truth. The Jesus in all is the same Jesus, Son of Man and Son of God, Messiah of Israel and Saviour of the world.

Among the interesting questions discussed and explained is one that many have found difficult, viz., Why St. John alone records the raising of Lazarus.

G. L. T.

CONFEDERATE PORTRAITS. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

Living as we do so long after the beginnings of letters, we could hardly expect to witness with our own eyes the creation of a new literary genre; and yet we may be said to enjoy this privilege, for psychographical writing is different from everything that has preceded it. It has been approached, by Sainte-Beuve for instance; it has been used for subsidiary purposes; but Mr. Bradford is the first to employ it, definitely and consistently, for its own sake. Its purpose, as the name indicates, is to reveal the inmost nature of the personage it treats, to set forth the man himself rather than the things he did. Surely this aim is commendable: what could profit us more to know in a man than his soul, the very essence of his character? In the attainment of its end psychography does not confine itself to conspicuous outer conduct and achievement; it levies on natural, unguarded words and seemingly trivial incidents when these are significant of personality.

It is fortunate that Mr. Bradford should have taken the character of General Lee as the subject of his first analysis. There is no one by whom the Southern people or the American people as a whole could better afford to be judged, no one whom they

should more ardently wish to have made known to the world. Now in a companion volume Mr. Bradford has treated other Confederate leaders: Joseph E. Johnston, Stuart, Longstreet, Beauregard, Benjamin, Stephens, Toombs, and Semmes. Besides this, he has included a short chapter on Gettysburg. That Davis and Jackson are omitted is due to the studies of them contained in the *Lee*. We may regret that Albert Sidney Johnston does not find a place, but the references to him are many and we catch glimpses of his pure presence.

We cannot expect, of course, that among the Confederate leaders another is to be found of the moral greatness of Lee. Fortunate is the generation that produces one prominent man who at all approaches his stature. Mr. Bradford has shown a fine candor; he has told the truth without reserve, and where faults and blemishes exist he has not hesitated to expose them. On the other hand, he has displayed equal frankness in regard to the better qualities; he has recognized the admirable traits in all the men discussed, and discovered merits not always admitted. A curious illustration of his willingness to present the facts as he sees them is his treatment of Benjamin. He began his study under the dominance of the prevalent impression that Benjamin "was of remarkable ability, an adventurer of genius but of little character." In the end he was "forced to the opposite conclusion, that his character was respectable, if not unexceptionable, but his ability mediocre."

It will be seen that Mr. Bradford has rendered the service, comparable to that of playwright and novelist, of presenting to us men who were tempted at all points like as we are and not without sin. He has done more. Like the playwright and the novelist, he has created a real work of art. He has discussed the Confederate leaders with humor, with insight, with the power to animate and vitalize; he has resurrected them for us through unfailing sympathy and an adaptable style. Nothing could be truer, for instance, or more in keeping, than his portrait of the joyous, chivalric, lovable Stuart.

GARLAND GREEVER.

SONNETS FROM THE TROPHIES OF JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA. Rendered in English by Edward Robeson Taylor. San Francisco: Printed for the author, 1913.

Mr. Edward Robeson Taylor, a lawyer and author of the Pacific coast, has lately revised and reprinted his renderings of the Sonnets contained in Heredia's *les Trophées* (1893). These translations were published originally in 1897, and have been republished several times since. Mr. Taylor is rendering a distinct service to modern poetry in making Heredia available to a larger number of readers. It is true that such art as Heredia's may be expressed in the French, but as the translator points out, in no language has the sonnet reached greater variety, or force, or beauty, than in the English, and the sonnet form has become deeply rooted in our literary soil.

José-Maria de Heredia (1842-1905) is classed with the French *parnassians*, representing a reaction against the romantic tendencies of the earlier part of the nineteenth century. While he was born in Cuba of a Spanish father, his mother was a Frenchwoman of fine culture. At eight years of age she sent him to France for his education. He settled eventually at Paris, becoming a thorough Frenchman. In 1897 he was made Librarian of the choice Arsenal Library. Edmund Gosse assures us that he was no more Spanish than was Rossetti Italian.

Heredia is little known in America, for owing to technical difficulties and greed of publishers his poems have never been annotated for college use by our American houses. He is one of the great masters of the French sonnet. His poems cover the whole range of history, with a strong predilection for Grecian mythological subjects. The author is accustomed to use the final tercet as a prophecy or wider vision to which the whole poem leads up.

B. E. YOUNG.

The *Yale Review* for July 1914 contains a splendid list of articles and contributors. In solidity and variety of contents and in attractiveness of typography, the *Yale Review* holds a foremost place among the periodicals of this country.

BOOK NOTES

A Discourse Upon Comedy, The Recruiting Officer, and The Beaux Stratagem, by George Farquhar, edited by Louis A. Strauss, is one of the latest of the excellent Belles-Lettres Series published by D. C. Heath & Company, under the general editorship of George P. Baker. This edition is a very complete and scholarly one, containing a brief biography,—unfortunately in rather fine print,—a critical introduction, variant readings at the foot of the page, notes at the back of the book, a bibliography, and a glossary. *Romeo and Juliet*, edited by Robert Adger Law, Adjunct Professor in the University of Texas, is the nineteenth volume of the Arden Shakespeare issued by D. C. Heath & Company, and is noteworthy in being the first of this series to be edited by an American scholar. In points of scholarship and literary criticism it bears comparison with any of the plays previously edited in this series.

Two excellent text-books in American literature have recently appeared, one by William J. Long (Ginn) and one by J. C. Metcalf (B. F. Johnson Publishing Company). Both books are characterized by clearness of presentation, attractiveness of style, literary taste and discrimination. Mr. Long seeks to develop his subject along the broadest possible lines, ignoring geographical divisions altogether; Mr. Metcalf, however, in the belief that the literary contribution of the South has not heretofore been sufficiently recognized and deserves wider recognition on account of its variety and peculiar quality, frankly accords to Southern writers fuller treatment than is to be found in other volumes of similar size on American literature. In an introduction to *Kentucky in American Letters, 1784-1912*, 2 vols., by John Wilson Townsend (The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa), James Lane Allen declares that the history of American literature has not yet been written, and sets forth the opinion that he who would "draw from American literature the philosophy of its traits" must "go back to the will of the fathers in the foundation of the Republic and find the explanation of our literature at the basis of our whole civilization, . . . in the entire nature of

our institutions as derived and unfolded from the idea that we should be a nation of states." Whatever one may think of such a method, the fact remains that recently there has developed throughout the South a widespread movement to collect and preserve from oblivion every scrap of writing produced in the South from the time of its earliest settlement. One might have supposed that the field had been pretty well covered by the *Library of Southern Literature*, which flung out its drag-net into every corner and cove of the South, but here we have, in two large volumes of nearly four hundred pages each, a collection of almost every sort of writing produced in the state of Kentucky during a period of more than two hundred years. The editor confesses that he has had difficulty in deciding just what is to be classed as a Kentucky book, and concludes with delightful impartiality that "surely it is a book written by a Kentuckian upon any subject under the sun, and published in any clime; surely it is one written in Kentucky by a citizen of any other state or country, regardless of the subject or place of publication, for 'in general, I have regarded the birthplace of a piece of literature [as] more important than that of the author.'" When the reader bears in mind such broad principles of classification, he is not surprised to discover in the list of Kentucky writers such names as: Jefferson Davis; Robert M. Bird, who was born in Delaware, but "who must have been in this State [Kentucky] for several years prior to the publication of *Nick of the Woods*"; Stephen C. Foster, author of *My Old Kentucky Home*, about whom the editor writes, "It is surely a regrettable fact that the most famous Kentucky song was not written by a Kentucky hand. . . . It is enough to know that it was written in Kentucky;" Nathaniel S. Shaler; Oscar W. Underwood; and Olive Tilford Dargan, who is included also by Professor George A. Wauchope in his volume of *Writers of South Carolina*. Thus the difficulty with the editor's classification is that instead of arousing sectional feeling between North and South, it will give rise to innumerable controversies among the separate Southern States, each claiming as its own some writer of note. But more insidious yet is the danger lest such a compilation of writers from one single State may give rise to a false standard

of values and intensify that note of provincialism so common to criticism in America. The critic is apt to lose that fine quality of disinterestendness, which Arnold speaks of, and is prone to exalt home-productions far about their true value. The volumes are handsomely printed and contain, nevertheless, considerable material which ought to be preserved and which will one day serve a useful purpose in the hands of that ideal historian of American literature whom James Lane Allen leads us to look for, and who, applying Mr. Allen's "solvent principle," may use the residuum to good advantage.

As a further aid to knowledge of Southern life and character, two handsomely illustrated books on the mountaineers will prove of value: *The Carolina Mountains*, by Margaret W. Morley (Houghton Mifflin) and *Our Southern Highlanders*, by Horace Kephart (Outing Publishing Company). Miss Morley's book lays more emphasis on the romantic scenery of the North Carolina mountains and would serve as an excellent guide-book to the mountains of North Carolina. Mr. Kephart's book grew out of a sojourn of some years among the dwellers of the Great Smokies and tells many lively and interesting incidents of his experiences. He makes an attempt to study the mountaineer historically through his European ancestors and sociologically through a first-hand investigation of his present conditions of life; and he concludes that the great need of our mountaineers to-day is for trained leaders of their own. He advocates the establishment of model farms in every mountain country, showing how to get most out of mountain land. "Such object lessons would speedily work an economic revolution. It is an economic problem, fundamentally, that the mountaineer has to face."

Other books received for review, of which some will be noticed more fully in a subsequent issue, are: *The Rise of the American People*, by Roland Greene Usher (Century); *Advanced American History*, by S. E. Forman (Century); *The Letters of Richard Henry Lee*, edited by James C. Ballagh (Macmillan); *The Supreme Court and Unconstitutional Legislation*, by Blaine Free Moore (*Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law*, Vol. LIV, No. 2); *The*

Last Will and Testament as a Form of Literature, by Eber Carle Perrow (Reprinted from the *Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters*, Vol. XVII, Part 1); *Songs and Poems*, by Martin Schütze (The Laurentian Publishers, Chicago); *Masters of the Wilderness*, by Charles Bert Reed, a study of the Hudson Bay Company and of other romantic episodes of exploration in the early days of our Republic.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Burr James Ramage, Ph.D., formerly dean of the Law Department of the University of the South, died suddenly at his desk in the Department of Justice, Washington, D.C., March 23, 1914, and his body was brought to Sewanee for burial. Dr. Ramage was a native of South Carolina. He took his degree at Johns Hopkins, subsequently studied in Berlin, Hanover, and Heidelberg, and finally prepared for the bar at the Columbia University Law School. He practised his profession in Nashville and came to Sewanee in 1893 to organize and become the first dean of the law department. After retiring from the office of dean he held the chair of history and political science in the university and a professorship in the law department. Meanwhile he engaged in literary pursuits and was associated with the late Dr. John Bell Henneman in the editorship of the SEWANEE REVIEW. He left Sewanee in 1905 to accept a position in the U. S. Department of Labor and Commerce, and was placed by Secretary Garfield in charge of the Department of Corporations. In that capacity he rendered distinguished services in planning, developing, and perfecting the collection of material on transportation by waterways, and his published reports on that subject are a valuable contribution to economic literature. In November 1913 he was transferred to the Department of Justice as an assistant attorney. He was in the fifty-sixth year of his age.